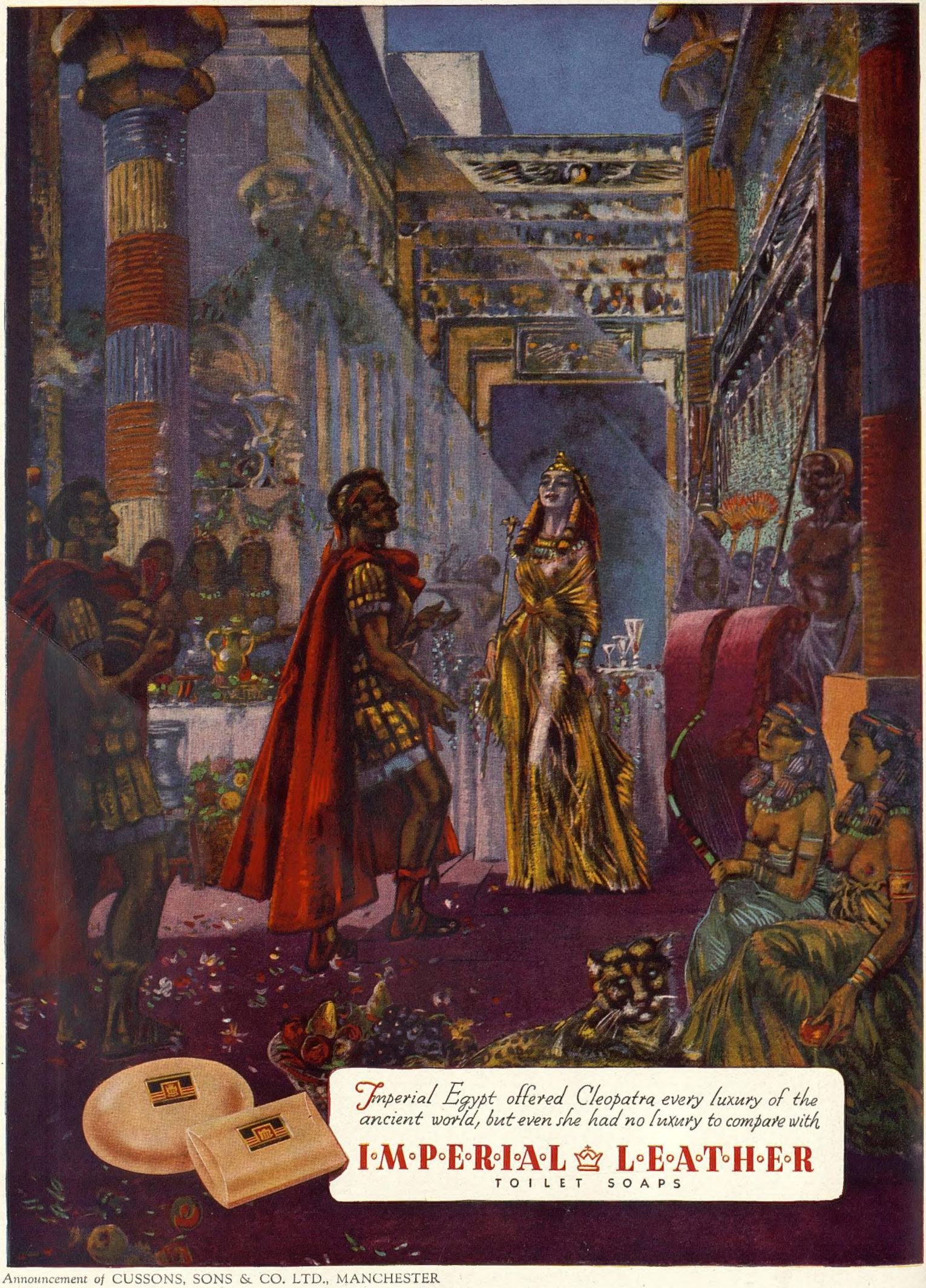
Britannia and Eve 1/3

· CHRISTMAS · 1945


Imperial Egypt offered Cleopatra every luxury of the ancient world, but even she had no luxury to compare with
IMPERIAL LEATHER
TOILET SOAPS

Announcement of CUSSONS, SONS & CO. LTD., MANCHESTER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 31. No. 6 DECEMBER, 1945

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THIS IS ENGLAND (12) The Famous Cockington Forge In Winter Garb, Torquay, Devon

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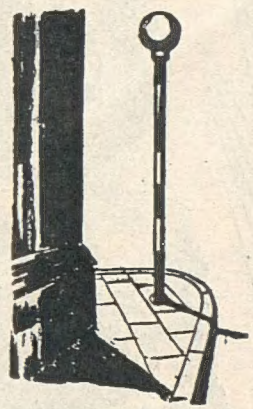
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Beautiful ballito stockings

B.14

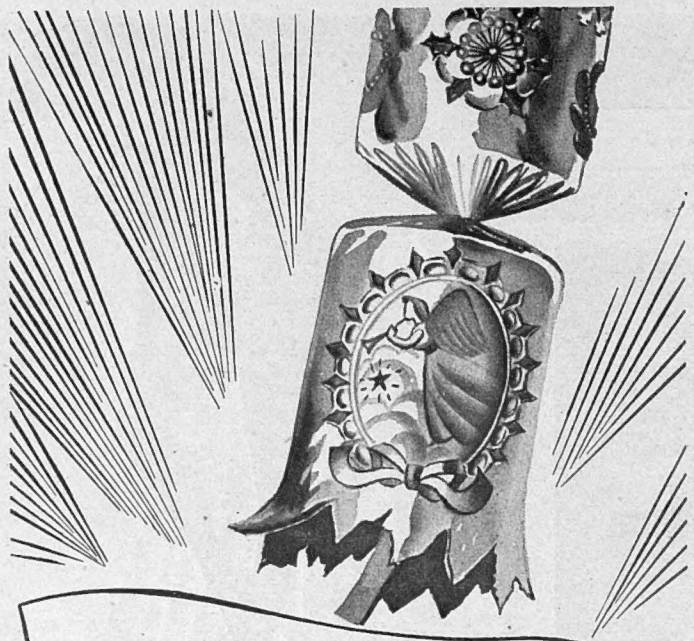


Teach children
KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

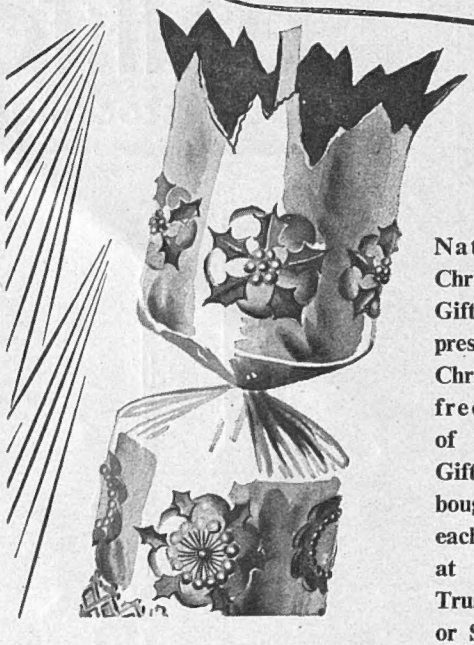
△

1. *At the Kerb* HALT
2. EYES RIGHT
3. EYES LEFT
4. EYES RIGHT AGAIN
   then if the road is clear
5. QUICK MARCH
   Don't rush
   Cross in an orderly manner



XMAS THOUGHT

Be good, sweet maid,
And let who will be clever
Most things are scarce —
But National Savings never



National Savings Christmas Cards and Gift Tokens are ideal presents for Christmas. Christmas Cards are free to purchasers of Savings Stamps; Gift Tokens may be bought in units of 15/- each — both obtainable at any Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank or Savings Centre.

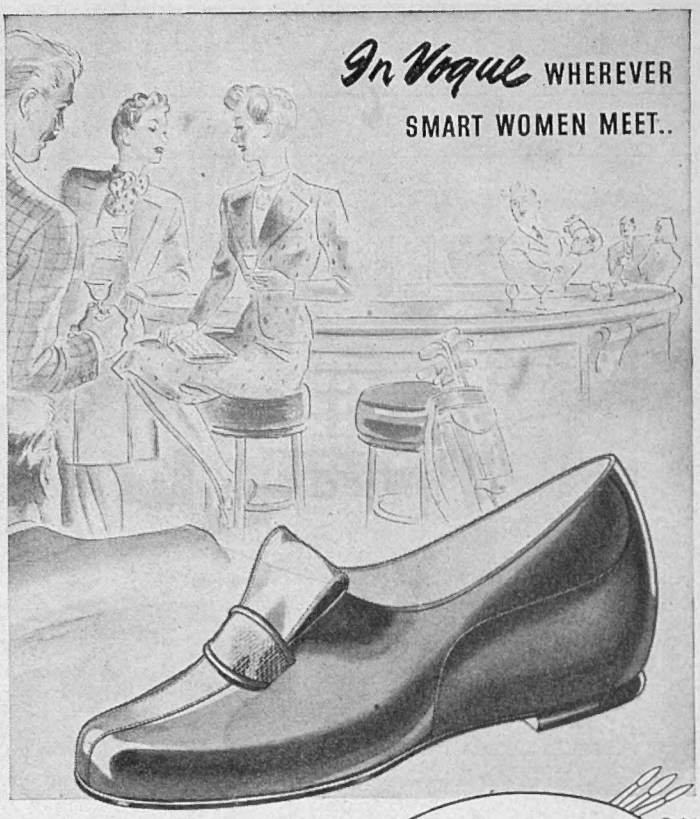
Issued by the National Savings Committee

The British lion
has always stood fast,
"true to its colours"
. . . . like Sundour
unfadable furnishing
fabrics

John Farleigh

Sundour

—6—



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Enquire at high grade shoe shops

"Waukeezi" ORIGINALS

Each shoe a Model Shoe - Exclusive as a Model Gown

Keep this in mind

New Models
of the famous

MAIN

GAS COOKER

fitted with MAINSTAT
Oven-heat Control

—will be ready soon

KM1

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

Thank goodness she had her

'Viyella' frock
Regd.

Trust a 'Viyella' frock to save the day—after plenty of wear and washing it *still* looks new. Today 'Viyella' is on essential duty helping to build British exports. Meanwhile there is Utility 'Dayella' for the children at home. It has the same unshrinkable finish and carries the famous 'Day and Night Wear' sign.

N.G. 1

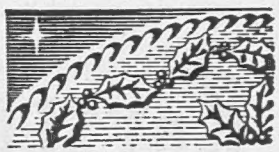
CHRISTMAS * FARE

A Good, Dark Christmas Pudding

2 oz. plain flour, ½ level teaspoon baking powder, ½ level teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ level teaspoon salt, ¼ level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 2-4 oz. suet or fat, 3 oz. sugar, ½-1 lb. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. marmalade, 2 eggs (fresh or dried), ¼ pint brandy, rum, ale, stout or milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spice together. Add the sugar, fruit and breadcrumbs and grated suet or melted fat. Mix with the marmalade, eggs and brandy, rum, or other liquid. Mix very thoroughly. Put in a greased basin, 2 pt. size. Cover with greased paper and steam for 4 hours. Remove the paper and cover with a fresh piece and a clean cloth. Store in a cool place. Steam 2 to 3 hours before serving.

Christmas Cake with Holly Leaf Icing



THE CAKE : *4 oz. sugar, 4 oz. margarine, 1 tablespoon syrup, 8 oz. flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon mixed spice, 2-4 eggs (reconstituted), 1 lb. mixed fruit, ½ teaspoon lemon substitute, pinch of salt, milk to mix (about 1/8 pint).*

Cream sugar and margarine, add syrup. Mix flour, baking powder, salt and spices together. Add alternately with the egg to the creamed mixture and beat well. Add fruit and lemon substitute and enough milk to make a fairly soft dough. Line a 7-in. tin with greased paper, put in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours. When cold, level off top to take the icing.

HOLLY LEAF ICING : For this you will need : *4 oz. soya flour, 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 4 tablespoons water, almond essence to taste, few drops green and red cookery colouring.*

Melt margarine and water together, stir in the sugar, then the essence. Divide about a quarter of the resulting liquid into two cups ; a little more in one than the other, and keep warm. Stir about three-quarters of the soya flour into the bulk of the liquid, turn out, knead the paste thoroughly, pat to about 1/8th thick, press on top of cake and neaten edges. Put a drop or two green colouring into cup holding most liquid, stir in flour and treat as for plain paste. Cut into leaf shapes, mark veins with knife, pinch round edges to form " prickles." Put red colouring into other cup, treat as before, form red paste into tiny balls. Arrange leaves and berries on top of cake in wreath shape or sprays, as you fancy.

A Delicious Stuffing

The flavour of this stuffing goes with any meat, rabbit or poultry. Stuff any suitable meat, or arrange balls round meat not suitable for stuffing. *4 oz. breadcrumbs, 2 oz. chopped onion, 4 oz. chopped celery, 4 tablespoons grated apple, 2 teaspoons sage, 2 teaspoons salt (all level), a little pepper.* Mix all ingredients together. If necessary, moisten with a little milk, reconstituted dried egg or melted fat. If to be served separately, form into balls and bake in greased pan, or round the joint about half an hour before it has finished cooking.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S.135)

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FOR *face* APPEAL

KC 328-769

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

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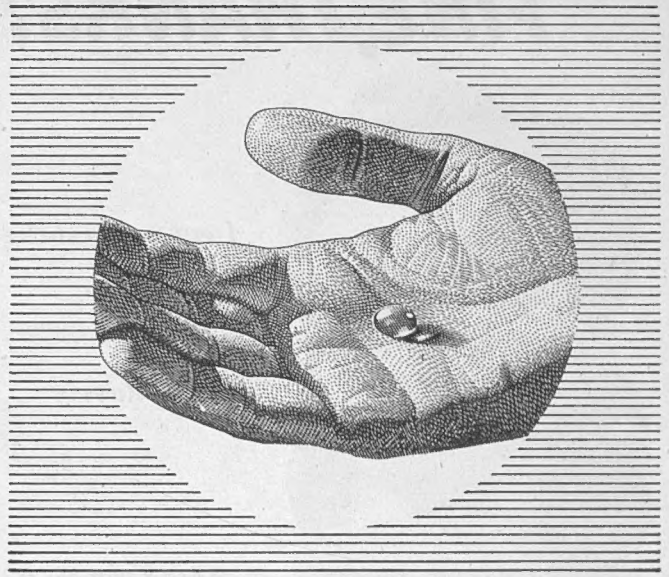
She's been looking forward for so long to the days when luxurious and stylish Kayser-Tailored underwear will be hers for the asking again! And now she's heard that they'll soon be in plentiful supply once more — and even more chic and form-flattering than before! Kayser-Tailored always were wonderful — but if they're going to be still more exciting—well, no wonder she sits and dreams!

KAYSER *Tailored*

A Kayser-Bondor Production —*Underlines Beauty*



AN ESSENTIAL OF BALANCED DIET

Stored in this tiny capsule are two vitamins without which it is impossible to maintain health. They are 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D and, unfortunately, they are not always readily obtainable. A daily dose of Crookes' Halibut Oil — one of the richest natural sources of these vitamins — will build up your resistance and stamina and prove of inestimable value during the coming autumn and winter.

CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules — 100 - 8/6 Liquid — enough for 16 days 2/-

C9

Christmas returns again-

AND SOON, WE HOPE, WILL

IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

BY APPOINTMENT

"We must all become more **SANDWICH** *minded"*

says **IRENE VEAL**, m.c.a., our cookery adviser,

"and so help to solve the problem of what to give the family. Since you do not have to remove the delicious golden crusts of PROCEA BREAD there is no waste."

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WRITE enclosing 2½d. stamp (to comply with regulations).

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Procea Bread

Lady's Jumper in Sirdar Super Shetland Wool 3-ply.

Price 3d. from Stores and Woolshops, or 4d. post free.

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A hundred and fifty testing years confirm that Thomas Minton wrought better than he knew, when from his modest Pottery in 1793 he sent forth Minton China. Since then, generations of lovers of the fine and beautiful have 'blazed a trail' to Minton's door, making his name and artistry world-famous . . . Through all those years has stood a Minton at the helm, guiding and guarding a great tradition, lengthening devotedly the shadow of a gifted, single-hearted man.

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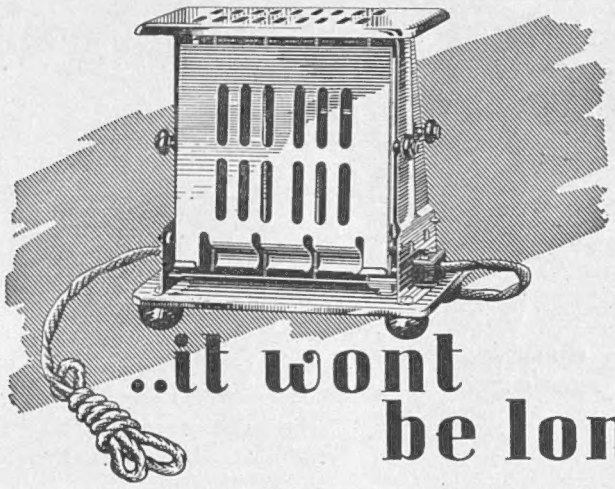


..it wont be long

we hope, before G.E.C. electric household appliances will once more be freely available The range will include kettles, toasters, fires, irons, cleaners, and all the other necessities for economically running the modern home.

G.E.C.

QUALITY PRODUCTS
for the post-war home

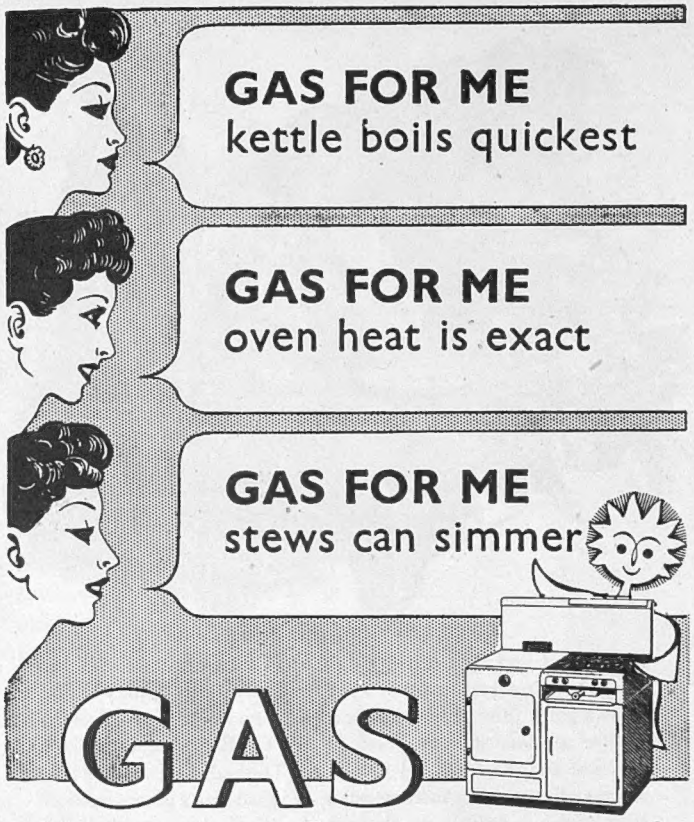
Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because so many continue to have special need of it

For six years Horlicks has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. Many of these needs must still be met.

Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939—but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



gives exact heat–*instantly*

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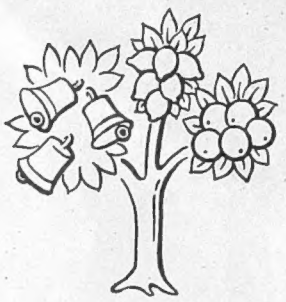
FOR THE GRAVY
in a Jiffy!
With OXO on hand you've a meal in the making! OXO gives that grand Beefy flavour and completes the dish.
PREPARED FROM PRIME RICH BEEF
OXO
CUBE

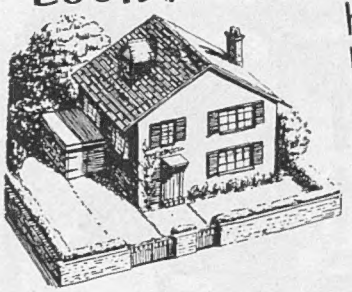


One by one the gracious gifts of peace are returning — none more eagerly awaited than Kia-Ora fruit drinks.

Kia-Ora

means Good Health

"Look! – the Smith's have put up NEW curtains!"



★ A FRENCH'S PRODUCT

Mrs. Smith was sceptical when she read that her old curtains could be made to look neat and trim again. But her neighbour demonstrated the trick of it. It was quite simple. First the curtains were cleaned and then fitted with "RUFFLETTE" tape. It worked like a charm. Gone was the saggy, bunched-up look. Now, thanks to "RUFFLETTE" tape, her curtains drape in smooth graceful folds. How about your curtains?

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POCKETED CURTAIN TAPE
also hooks, rings and rails

'Rufflette' Tape costs only a few pence per Yard—No Coupons

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3-ply—Service and Civilian Shades
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"PICOTEE" FINGERING

SUPER BABY WOOL

There are none better

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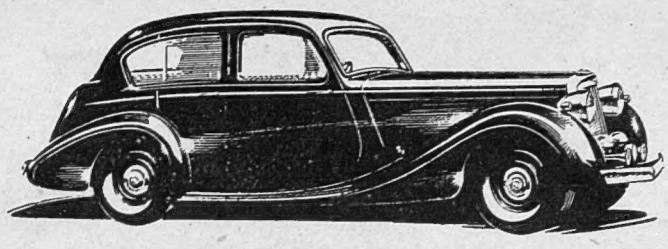
Worsted Spinners · AYR · SCOTLAND
Established 1827 T2



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THE TEN AND THE 2-LITRE

Britain's most Exclusive Light Car

TO BE AVAILABLE AGAINST M.O.W.T. LICENCE

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Barlby Road, London, W.10

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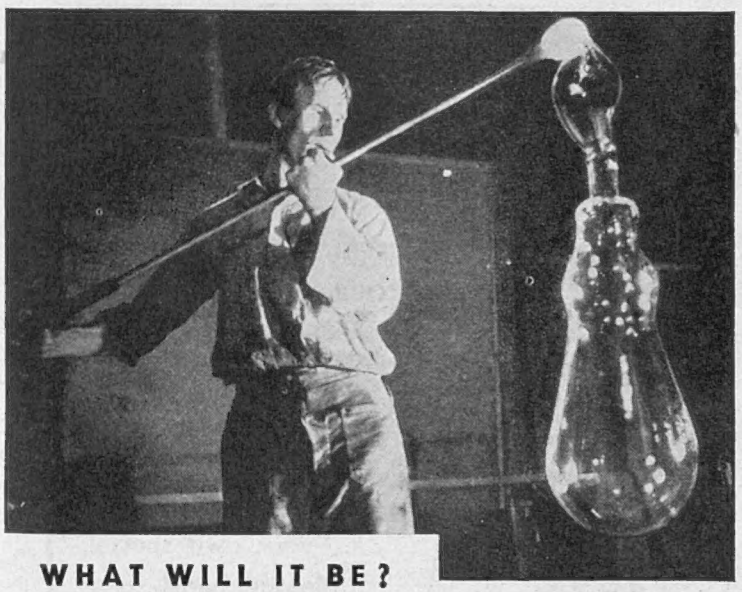
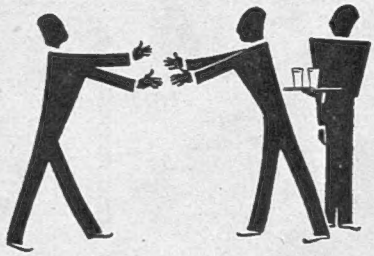


WHAT WILL IT BE?

WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TELL YOU what this highly skilled glass blower is making, except that it is part of an important machine that helped to win the war. For six years most of the facilities of the Phoenix factory have been turned over to such work. War has demanded glass of greater strength and greater clarity, qualities that research will embody in Phoenix clear glass oven-ware.

PHOENIX
REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE
Clear and Stays Clear



"When we do meet again,

we'll smile indeed"

Schweppes

streamlined tailormades

deréta town and country wear . . . the coat and suit taken from our Autumn-Winter collection have all the finesse and flair associated with the name ***deréta*** . . . in pure woollens, velours, Scotch Tweeds, etc.

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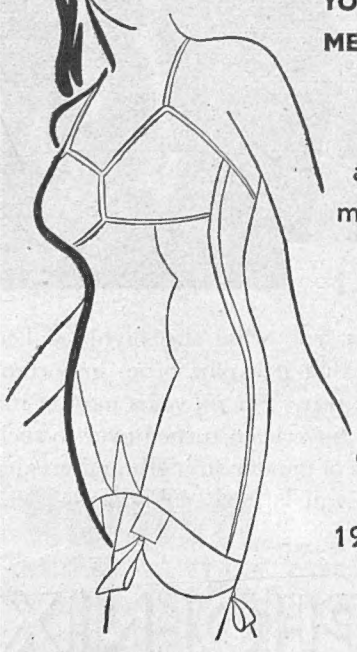
SPECIALLY MADE TO YOUR OWN INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS . . . . . .



A Roussel Belt is an individual garment made only for you and your own special measurements and requirements — at present only if you have a doctor's certificate. The price is the same as in 1939 and no purchase tax is added.

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"'Oo are you,' I says, 'to stick your nose up at a girl just because she 'appens to be the daughter of a duke?'"

Love Is A Funny Thing

A Romance of the Motor-Torpedo-Boats

By

Day Russell

"YOU know," said Gertie, "love 's a funny thing."

I felt there was a story coming, so my reply was brief.

"It is," I sighed.

Gertie is the barmaid at the Admiral Benbow, a very ancient inn at a very old fishing village on the south coast of England. My acquaintance with Gertie had begun when, as a war correspondent, I had investigated story possibilities among the motor-torpedo-boat crews who operated from the tiny harbour at the bottom of the steep street from the Admiral Benbow.

"So you 're going back home?" said Gertie, breathing heavily on a glass and then polishing it to a spotless gleam.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," said Gertie, "that 's what they 're all doing nowadays. It 's nothing but Hello to one lot that 's coming back home and Good-bye to them that 's going home."

Gertie paused while she breathed upon another glass to add to the stack that gleamed on the bar. I glanced around at the dark-panelled room, with its heavy oak beams and the small-paned bay window that looked down upon the harbour.

"They 've still got some of the boats down in the harbour," I ventured.

"Ships that pass in the night," said Gertie profoundly. "They 're running them round to Pompey from the east coast, and they put in here for petrol and grub and when the weather blows too 'ard."

"See any of our old friends?"

"Every flotilla what puts in," said Gertie. "There 's always one or two, and them Canadians keeps popping up like bad pennies." Gertie snorted rather than breathed upon the next glass. "And who do you think was in the other day?"

"Who?" I asked, knowing the right thing to do.

"Why, Corky. And he 's got it just as bad as ever."

"Corky?" I murmured. "Quiet sort of fellow, wasn't he? From Montreal?"

"That 's him. Played the piano beautiful when there was nobody around, but he fair made it jangle your nerves with that there what they call boogie-woogie when there was a crowd. He 'ad sort of fair hair what fell in a wave over his brown eyes in a way that turned your 'eart over if you was a soft-hearted kind of girl, which I ain't."

I smiled. Gertie's buxom beauty was in its middle thirties and crowned with red hair in close ringlets over her head. I knew she had a heart as soft as butter when it came to her boys, as she had called them. She had mothered whole flotillas of motor-torpedo-boat crews during the war years, fencing their wisecracks, spanking them verbally when they needed it, and generally keeping them in order in such a way that Old Ironsides, the Admiral around those parts, had regarded her as invaluable to discipline, good order and the high morale of his establishment.

"Yes," she said, "he 's got it just as bad as ever."

"Love?" I asked.

Gertie rubbed the top of the bar slowly. The whole place seemed to gleam with the endless polishing of generations of Gerties.

"Yes." Then she looked me in the eyes. "And, for a Canadian, he makes me sick."

This was startling.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, you know well enough what those boys were like: like bulls in china shops when it came to getting what they wanted; popping the question before a girl had had time to think of the answer. Well, in this case, it 's just the opposite."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let me get this straight. Corky is here, Corky is in love again."

Gertie sighed at my obtuseness.

"Corky," she said slowly as if to a child. "Corky was here until he left for the invasion. Corky had a very bad case with one of the Wrens—the Admiral's secretary, to be exact, or whatever they call them in the Navy. Only it appears that he discovers she is the daughter of a duke and that her real name is not Leading Seaman Mannering, or whatever they calls women ratings, me being more familiar with the other sex—in a nice way, of course. He discovers, in fact, that she is in real life Lady Mary Mannering, and he freezes up, as you

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

might say. You 'd think she was the one to be proud and stuck up, but instead she 's the one that 's cut up and he 's the one that sticks his nose in the air. It fair made me blow up, it did. And I told 'im so.

" 'Oo are you,' I says, 'to stick your nose up at a girl just because she 'appens to be the daughter of a duke ?'

" Then 'e says, ' 'Oo am I ? ' he says. ' I 'm an ordinary bloke what has to earn a living in Civvy Street.' Them might not be his actual words, but they was what he meant. ' 'Oo am I ? ' he says again. ' I 'm a bloke what can love, honour and cherish a girl, but I ain't got a dog's chance of keeping her in the way she 's accustomed to, and what is more, I ain't got no intention of trying.'

" 'All right,' I says, 'all right. Sit on your 'igh 'orse and get a sore seat as well as a sore 'eart. And it serves you right. And,' I says, 'the trouble with you Canadians is that you don't understand us. In your country you think you 're all equal, but you ain't. Your society 's like a ladder, and every rung of it is a couple of thousand dollars a year from the next.'. So then Corky says,

" Lady Mary stands there and she looks straight through Corky as if he weren't there, and she says, ' No, I don't—I don't know 'im ' "

' And any man can buy 'imself as far up as 'e likes, and wot 's wrong with that ? ' Then I says, calmlike, ' Everything, that 's wot.' And I says, ' There 's too many of you trying to make more money all the time and not enough of you trying to be good at wot you 're doing.' And then I says, ' In this country it 's 'uman dignity wot counts. I 'm a good barmaid and there ain't a better one within a 'undred miles, and Lady Mary she 's a good secretary, and that makes us equal, whether she 's a duke's daughter or I 'm a plumber's daughter.' And I says, ' If you 're a good husband to 'er and she 's a good wife to you, it don't matter who you are and who she is, and that 's all that matters. But if she was a bad wife it wouldn't matter to anyone whether she was the daughter of a duke or a dustman, she 'd be no good to anyone.' "

Gertie glared at me as if I were the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

" ' That 's the way it is in this country,' I says to 'im. ' There 's not one ladder to the top, there 's 'undreds, one to every kind of life, and them as is first class in their own life is the equal of anyone, whether he is the king or a kennelman.' And then I says, ' It 's nothing but a blinking impertinence on your part to hold it against a good girl like 'er that she 's the daughter of somebody or other.' "

Gertie glared at me and slapped at an imaginary spot of dust with her duster.

" But did 'e listen ? ' You don't understand,' he says to me. 'E says that to me, mark you ; me that pinned nappies round kids like 'im—when they was younger, of course.

" So I says, ' Look,' I says. ' The trouble is you. You just ain't big enough for a girl like that. And if you ain't big enough to love a girl the way she wants to be loved, then you 'd better forget all about it.' With that 'e just leaves 'is glass on the bar about where you 're standing and 'e walks out, and that 's the last I see of him until 'e walks in here the other day. You could have knocked me over with a feather."

It would have to be an outsize feather that could knock Gertie over, but I didn't mention that. " Tell me," I said, " was he running one of those motor-boats in the harbour below ? "

" No," said Gertie, " he wasn't. He grins at me sheepish-like, and he says he come to say good-bye. He says he is going home to Canada. ' Well,' I says, ' ain't that nice of you to think of saying good-bye to me.' And then I looks 'im in the eye and I says, ' It wouldn't be as how you 'd heard Lady Mary was still round these parts ? ' That set 'im back on 'is 'eels, and I could see how, underneath, 'e was eating his heart out and not admitting it on the surface. ' Well,' I says, ' she is here, and what 's more she 's going to be 'ere for some time. She 's up at the manor, where you used to have your shore quarters. It 's a kind of skeleton establishment, just to take care of these boats wot puts in and out.' "

"All of a sudden, in bursts Corky with a black eye, yelling some Red Indian war cry. He kisses Lady Mary smack on 'er lips, leaps over the bar and disappears"

Gertie turned to me and rubbed the bar until I could have used the polished surface as a shaving mirror.

"Yes," she said, "we still 'ave bits of the war 'anging round these parts. There was a company of Engineers clearing mines from the beach, and then there 's a lot of them Nazi prisoners they bring round every day rooting out them pill-boxes they had all over the place, and, of course, these motor-torpedo-boats that keep coming and going out."

"To return to Corky," I interrupted.

"Oh, yes," said Gertie. "Well, he pulls himself together and he says, 'That 's all over now.' It appears they had tried to explain things to one another, and what with her being as proud in her own way as he was, they 'd ended up with their hearts like cakes of ice, and that was the end of that, and they 'd not seen or heard of one another since. But when I looked him in the eye I had a suspicion 'e hadn't come all that way from London, trains being what they still are, just to say good-bye to me. So I gets on with me work and I says, 'Well, it 's every man to 'is taste. There 's them what can have the best and turns their nose up at it, and there 's them that makes their mistakes and goes on regretting them for the rest of their days. But it 's none of my business. Live and let live, say I.'"

Gertie regarded her stack of glasses and glanced up at the clock for the midday opening hour. "Five minutes," she said, "and then instead of just being a friend you can be a customer."

"Suits me," I said. "What 's this girl, Lady Mary, like?"

"She 's lovely," said Gertie. "I mean, she 's got a lovely nature. She 's a real lady, she is, and I hope there 's been nothing in my behaviour as would give you the impression that I ain't one. Many 's the cup of tea we 've had together in the parlour behind the bar 'ere. As a matter of fact, that was just what we was having when Corky walked in that time. You Canadians have a habit of walking in places before opening time, although it never did any of you no good when I was behind this bar. Well, there was I talking to Corky just where you are now and there was Lady Mary sitting in my little parlour, behind there, hearing every word. It was what you might call a delicate situation, me knowing as 'ow each of 'em was fair crazy about the other and both of 'em too stiff-necked to do anything about it."

Gertie looked in the mirror at the back of the bar and patted her auburn ringlets into place.

"That 's where you took a hand, I 'll bet."

"Me?" said Gertie. "Not me. I mind me own business. Anyway, I didn't need to do otherwise, for that was when the escaped prisoner came in."

"The escaped prisoner?"

"Not exactly in person. It was the shore patrol what came in. We 'd had a warning that one of the Jerries on the working party over on the cliffs had escaped and that he 'd broken into the manor where they billet the M.T.B. officers when they put in for the night, and he 'd stolen a Navy lieutenant's uniform. Now, some villager sees Corky and telephones that there 's a stranger in naval uniform just come in here. Well, in comes the patrol and, one on each side of Corky, they ask for 'is papers, and right there he gives himself away for a boy what 's head over heels in love. He feels his pockets and then blushes, and then says he 's forgotten them—left them up in London. 'O.K., big boy,' says one of the patrol, 'you come along with us.'

"'Arf a minute,' I says. 'This boy 's a Canadian and he 's genuine and I 've got someone from (*Continued on page* 52)

Now We Eat...

A Man Has No Better Things Under The Sun, Than To Eat, And To Drink, And To Be Merry

By

C. Patrick Thompson

"We have almost forgotten how to feast"

"No more are we regaled with epicurean curiosities"

"MANKIND wastes too much of its time, energy and thought on food—food as a necessity, and food as a pleasure. A great pity. After all, we're only made of sugar."

We were sitting over a succulent Chateaubriand at Jammet's. Outside, Dublin drowsed and murmured under the October sun.

On the journey over, in the restaurant of the Stranraer night train, the steward had served two large whiskies without protest or bribe, and at the seven o'clock dinner's end had suggested, astonishingly: "Some brandy with the coffee?" Perhaps he was celebrating the return of restaurant cars after years. From the windows of the Larne-Derry train I had gazed on dark green fields white with flocks of chickens, ducks and geese. They made me think about Christmas and my chances of getting something more than my meat ration.

In a Dublin bar I saw one of our more renowned military experts recuperating from the strains of the Global War: I thought he looked less lean than usual. Hurrying out of the Royal Hibernian as I entered was a man whom I thought I recognized. A minute later, I placed him: A. J. Cronin. But a Cronin much solider than the one who watched the Coronation from the balcony of my Park Lane penthouse. But, then, he'd sat the war out in America, where food was always plentiful. Down the stairs at Jammet's came a rotund quick-eyed little man. I rose, greeted him; introduced Frank Gallagher, De Valera's Brendan Bracken, to my companion. Gallagher did a great hunger strike in the days of the troubles: he's been making up for it since. If he didn't cycle between home and office, he might carry two chins, like Marshal Zhukov.

My mind was running on food, which was not surprising, since I was in a land where if you wish you can eat yourself to death (at normal, not black-market prices, too) and where the shops display masses of poultry and meat (buy all you want), sausages, fish (no queues), smoked salmon, eggs, iced cakes, luscious fruits, shelled almonds at three shillings a pound; while whisky in the bars (open all day except between 2 and 3 p.m.) is unlimited and costs half a crown for a double, which is twice the size of a London double.

"Louis XIV would often consume for dinner four plates of soup to start off with"

My companion, a scientist specializing in plant growth, kept my mind on the beam.

"Consider this steak," he resumed. "What is it? Merely sunshine, air and water. A patch of grass inhales burned carbon from the air. It absorbs water, burned hydrogen. It stands around in the sun and uses its energy to free the oxygen in those substances and combine the remaining atoms into a molecule of sugar. From that sugar it manufactures the foodstuffs to sustain animal life. The animal eats the vegetable and so nourishes itself. We eat both"—he flicked with his fork the garnishings of French fried potato and onion, the crisp lettuce salad on the side—"and so we, too, live and function.

"But it all boils down to sugar, and the sugar boils down to air, water and sunshine. Now," he added, reflectively severing a juicy portion of air, water and sunshine, putting it into his mouth, and chewing, "the hemin in our red blood cells is built around an iron atom, and the chlorophyll which gives plants their green colour is built around a magnesium atom, but the structure of both is very similar. If we could develop chlorophyll we could get most of the food we need merely by staying around in the sun all day.

"Of course," he added, "we would be green instead of (*Continued on page* 67)

"One misses the barons of beef served by the lord to his villagers"

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

Christmas under Marlborough

By Ferdinand Tuohy

ONCE in every fifty years a British Army spends Christmas on the Continent either warring or engaged in after-occupation. At least, so it has been on an average for the past 250 years, and presently commanding officers of the BAOR will resume the series by "going round the dinners" on the festive day, seeing that the men are satisfied with their extra fare and beer; after which, will come outdoor events with a yuletide flourish, followed by special seasonable shows, dances with the feminine few of the Forces and a "screened" assortment of "Frauleins," and sing-songs.

There will be the counterpoint too. Not a few of all ranks, regardless of how they usually worship or, indeed, whether they do at all, will seek out the local church and mingle with the Germans at what is, perhaps, their loveliest celebration, the singing of "*Heilige Nacht.*"

Heilige Nacht, Stille Nacht,
Alles Schlafft, Du Nur Wach.

Not to be obliterated is the memory of Germans and Britons packing Cologne Cathedral at Christmas 1918, and the haunting old hymn that bound them. "Night holy and still, all sleeps but Thou."

And not a few of all ranks will commingle in another quieter evocation: thoughts of home (what they are doing *now*) and remembrance of past Christmases with wartime comrades, some still around, others no longer here.

"D'you remember Christmas forty-one in the desert? Poor old Bill! We could do with a bit of Bill."

That's how it was, anyway, with a former British Army of the Rhine. Christmas was a day of two-way memories: of home and past campaigns. Some could go back to that legendary Christmas of 1914 when Britons and Saxons kicked a football in no-man's-land at Ypres (coming nearer to putting the kybosh on twentieth-century war than ever since). Others recalled the unearthly calm of the frozen Somme, with birds almost the only living things seen or heard. That was 1916, and the most wretched Christmas of that war was undoubtedly the next. After slaughtering, drowning Passchendaele (I once spelt it Passion Dale in a book, when a reviewer, A. G. MacDonnel, called it the most striking error he'd ever read).

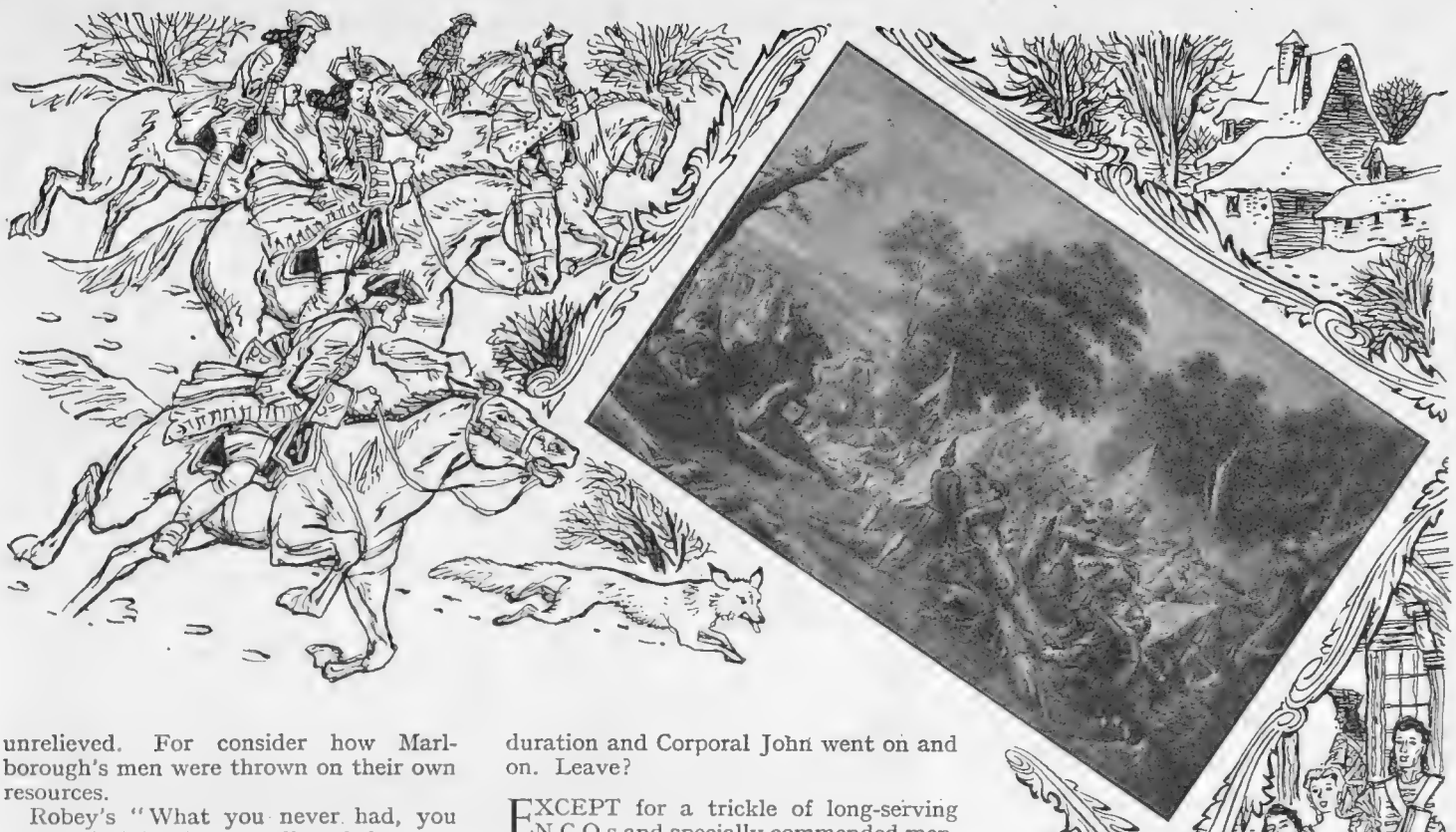
Christmases of war and occupation. A hundred years before Haig, Wellington spent Christmas at Cambrai whither he had retired from a nervy, narky Paris showing signs of those same "Liberation Blues" we see to-day. The Duke's "international police" of 130,000 keeping the peace after Napoleon, were perhaps one-seventh English, but the heavy proportion from the land of *Weinachten*—Prussians, Bavarians, Hanoverians, and Hessians, not to mention Austrians—ensured a full-throated, full-bellied celebration of the time-honoured festival.

And much the same it must have been a hundred years before Wellington, a hundred years and some, when Marlborough's men, so heavily Germanic, spent eight successive Christmases at war or in occupation between Dunkirk and the Rhine. The English cult of Christmas had not attained its later, Pickwickian proportions, but the spirit of *Weinachten* made amends, and you can glean from Sterne and Fielding how John Churchill's rude and licentious soldiery went about things when festivity was indicated.

The great thing about Yuletide under "Corporal John" was that it fell in the middle of a prolonged truce of arms lasting from November to March. There were always French somewhere around, but the common foe honourably observed a genial arrangement whereby the contending forces kept themselves locked up in garrisons, or behind fortified lines and stockades month after month, and it was the lore handed down about these places that went far to stamp Marlborough's as a very male and uproarious army. Lucky ones had a lively fortress or town for winter quarters, although those in the villages and hamlets were far from left out in the cold. However chill the outside air, logs and grogs were always laid on in canteens and at inns whose plump womenfolk kindled additional warmth in redcoats and dragoons free of inhibitions and spared prohibitions. They lived off the country in the full sense!

Decorations by Jack Matthew

Yet, if foraging parties accounted for a goodly portion of the winter's activities, certain "vittels" had to be sent into these islets of temporary peace dotted o'er the map, and convoys were the one thing that continued subject to attack, since munitions and equipment could find their way in among more innocent stores. One can well imagine the qualms that arose in the commissariat branch did a convoy become overdue as the interval of peace and goodwill reached its climax; the fluctuating reports from down river, even the scanning of the flatlands. If the brandy and sack didn't arrive, to say nothing of the spices and tobacco, then the damper upon Christmas would be



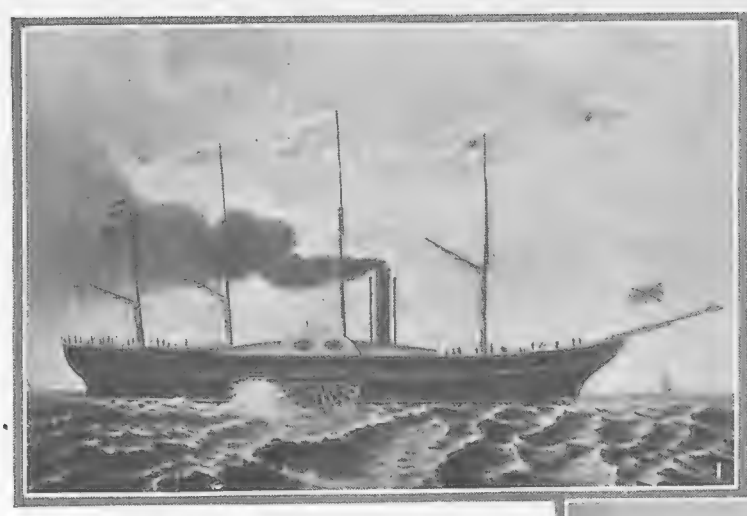
unrelieved. For consider how Marlborough's men were thrown on their own resources.

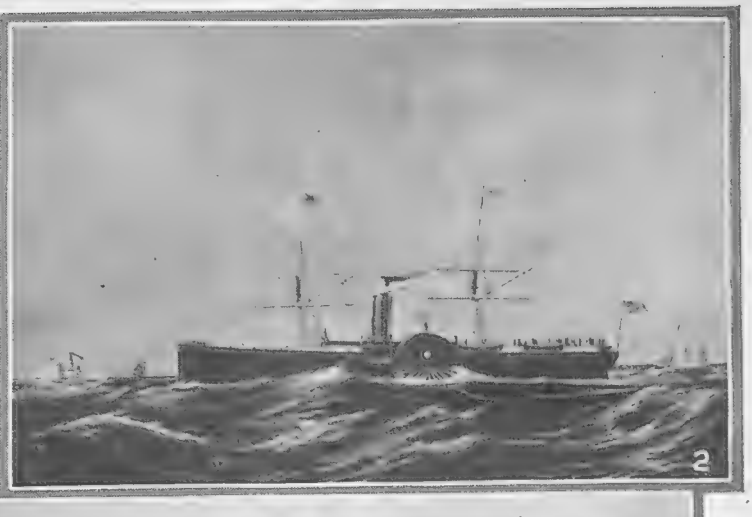
Robey's "What you never had, you never miss" is all very well, and the occupying regiments and batteries of ten generations back did not feel themselves a forgotten host because Anne's bounty failed to put a *Beggar's Opera* company on the Antwerp packet, to entertain them. Yet the position called for some drastic form of relief from boredom. These men had so little to look forward to, or, as we should say, to "keep them going." Letters from home? Even as themselves, few of their families in that England of five million people, could write. Photos and "pin-ups?" Jane? The barest news "of the wars" might occasionally be read out by an officer, from a month-old *Gazette*. Demobbing? This was a contract for the duration and Corporal John went on and on. Leave?

EXCEPT for a trickle of long-serving N.C.O.s and specially commended men, there was no furlough; only the maimed and diseased found places on the packet to London. Rather did other ranks grow accustomed to seeing half their officers go on furlough in the winter months, an inequality that was part of the gentleman's agreement and which assuredly begat rich expletives ("Our armies in Flanders swore terribly," cried Uncle Toby) but provoked no outcry levelled at the Ministry-at-War.

Officers going on furlough secured safe conducts through their opponents' lines, and the French got the same, for the latter would often have the Allies between them and their own country, and the English have Frenchmen between them and the coast. So the colonel of heavy cavalry and the ensign of the line would ride and sail away from winter quarters, leaving other ranks to "grin and swear it." Waterways ruling the lines of communication, furlough usually (*Continued on page* 66)

(*At top of page*) *The Battle of Malplaquet, September* 11, 1709. *The Allied troops under the command of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated the French troops commanded by Marshal Villars.* (*On right*) *The Duke of Marlborough writing an order during the Battle of Blenheim, August* 13, 1704, *in which the French and Bavarians were defeated.* (*Reproduced from an engraving of the painting by D. Maclise, R.A.*)





Transatlantic Battle

The One Hundred Years Struggle for North American Passenger Supremacy

By Warren Armstrong

1. *The G.W.S.N. Co.'s Bristol steamship "Great Western," which crossed the Atlantic in* 1838 *in fifteen days.*

2. *The Collins' Line S.S. "Baltic," an American paddle-wheeler of* 1850. *Was the first vessel to make the passage under ten days.*

3. *A veteran of two world wars. The* 45,600*-ton Cunard-White Star liner, S.S. "Aquitania." Although thirty-one years old has steamed scores of thousands of miles during this war.*

4. *The S.S. "Queen Mary" photographed at the end of her trip in which she broke the Atlantic record.*

5. *Another Blue Riband holder. The Italian liner "Conte di Savoia." This ship was built with the financial help of the Italian Government.*

6. *The famous French liner "Normandie," flying the blue pennant of Atlantic victory, arriving in New York harbour in April* 1937.

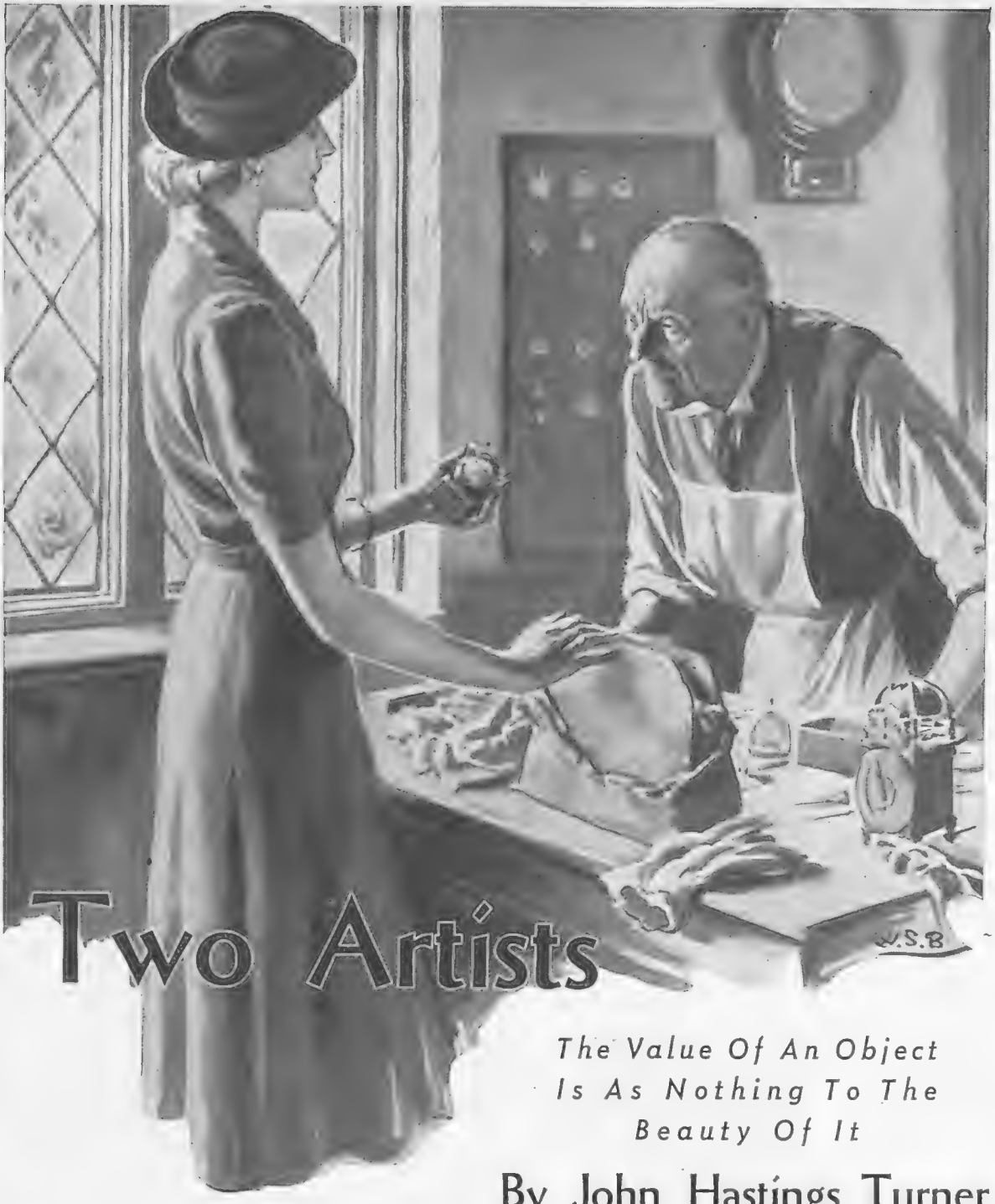
WAR had ended. Like a huge pall depression was settling over Europe, and a great trek westwards began with a few hundred despairing outcasts and homeless who set out seeking new fortune in that much-promised Eldorado far across the North Atlantic; it was to grow from a trickle to an enormous flood of humanity.

Between 1846 and 1854 more than 2,500,000 fare-paying passengers —businessmen and emigrants, the latter in vast majority—sailed from European ports bound for the United States.

And another war quickly flared up, a bitter battle between shipping interests of the two great maritime nations for Western Ocean supremacy, with a mounting casualty list among the steerage emigrants who were given three feet accommodation, and required to provide their own food—or go without. One hundred and eighty of them stepped hopefully aboard the ship *Diamond* bound for New York—and seventeen died through starvation before the vessel docked in the American port one hundred days after leaving Britain.

"Progress" had come to the Western Ocean; progress typified mainly in ships that offered cramped, ill-ventilated quarters lighted by smoky evil-smelling oil lamps, with primitive cooking facilities, no heating, no means of recreation or exercise. In the course of a period of seven weeks, in sixteen passenger ships which eventually reached American ports from Europe no less than 334 passengers among a total of 6,418 *starved to death on the voyage*!

Westbound, in 1842, went Charles John Huffham Dickens, who peopled English literature with a host of characters larger than life and twice as natural, and his good wife; he recorded their disgust when they were escorted to their cabin: "A ticket bearing the words: 'Chas. Dickens Esquire and Lady,' was pinned to a flat quilt which covered a preposterously thin straw (*Continued on page* 54)



Two Artists

The Value Of An Object Is As Nothing To The Beauty Of It

By John Hastings Turner

EXCEPT in one particular, the powers that be had not favoured Edward Yarde at birth. They had arranged things in such a way that now, at fifty, he was mostly bald, quite shapeless and extremely short-sighted. Moreover, he was nervous and shy and aware that, amongst the men of his village, he was regarded as a harmless joke. The women regarded him not at all. Widowers, with a little bit of money tucked away, are traditionally supposed to excite the most violent predatory instincts of the women in a small community, but the ladies of Moor-next-the-Sea paid him not even this dubious compliment. If they thought of him at all, it was to wonder vaguely how it came about that so lovely and passionate a child as his daughter Lily should have been born to him. Lily was now twenty-two, a dark, tempestuous beauty with a violent and selfish outlook on life.

Lily was not the one gift with which the powers that be had seen fit to endow Edward Yarde to make up for the various handicaps which they had showered upon him. They had, in fact, given him the secret joy of being an artist. He neither painted pictures, nor wrote verse, nor played the upright ancient piano in the little-used parlour of his cottage. But he was an artist for all that.

His artistry took the form of a passionate and almost uncanny interest and sympathy with watches and clocks. Sympathy is the *mot juste*, for Edward Yarde seemed to be able to coax proper behaviour out of the oldest and most ruinous mechanism. It was almost as if he had a secret friendship and understanding with the things. When he bent over some ancient timepiece, his glass screwed into his eye, he seemed in a sense, transfigured. He was no longer the dull, almost comic little man whose label was E. Yarde. He was in another place altogether, another world. . . .

He was not a professional watchmaker and he had no shop, but, for miles around, his peculiar gift was known and it was seldom he had not several "jobs" on hand.

"I BELIEVE," said Lady Croyle, "that it is almost unique. It is said to be worth between two and three hundred pounds. But I don't suppose that that interests you?"

Lily regarded his attitude towards his pets with cheerful disdain. She even told Tom Lingyard, with whom she was in love at the moment, that she thought her father was a little "potty."

Tom Lingyard, a fine, coarse animal who lived so well on his desultory fishing that it was rumoured that there were things which the local constable might like to know about him, had laughed.

"There's something cockeyed about the old fool," he said. "If he has a couple of gins at the 'White Bull,' he's as like as not to cry like a baby about nothing at all."

After which he drew Lily further into the shadow of the sand dunes. He was not interested in Edward Yarde.

Nor, for the matter of that, was Lily.

The west wind was, as usual, buffeting ceaselessly round the little cottage on the morning that Lady Croyle came into Edward Yarde's workroom. Sir Philip Croyle lived in the huge Queen Anne house at Lobham Market, some five miles away. There had been a Croyle living on the same site when the sea lay over the village of Moor and the Flemish carracks anchored within sight of the church towers of Lobham Market. Curiously enough, in this changing world, Sir Philip was still known as the squire. It was not that he was particularly looked up to as such; it was simply a hang-over from half a century ago. Julia Croyle was tall and sharp featured with wiry iron-grey hair. She would have looked impressive in a Marie Antoinette wig, but she could never have bothered with it. She was seldom seen out of her house or garden, except when she played the piano at concerts in aid of things at the Lobham Market Institute. The villagers listened politely to her playing and applauded when she had finished. But they didn't enjoy it. The truth was that she played too well and lacked the "common touch."

She said, "Good morning!" to Edward Yarde, who rose politely and blinked at her. Then she unwrapt very carefully a parcel of tissue paper. She drew out an exquisite little clock. On a painted wooden base shaped like a Greek urn and covered with tiny flowers, the round porcelain face

seemed somehow touchingly virgin. The hands were of gold filigree, the whole so dainty that one hesitated to touch it. To Edward Yarde, with his particular weakness, the thing was like a vision.

"I don't know," said Lady Croyle, in her harsh voice, "whether I ought to entrust this to you. It is French and nearly two hundred and fifty years old."

Edward Yarde poked his bald head and his short-sighted eyes within a foot of the clock.

"If it had been made yesterday," he said, "it would still be perfect!"

Lady Croyle set the clock down gently on the table covered with bits and pieces and slivers of metal.

"You love these things?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I love them," he said, simply.

She looked at him steadily for some moments.

"I shall leave it with you," she said at last. "It has worked hard and well. Be careful of it!"

"It will take some time," he murmured. "I must be very gentle with it."

"I believe," she said, "that it is almost unique. It is said to be worth between two and three hundred pounds. But I don't suppose that that interests you?"

"Not very much, my lady," he replied.

She nodded and went out. Edward Yarde never even heard the rattle of the ancient Austin as she drove away. He was sitting in his chair, stroking the sides of the little clock with his delicate fingers. For him, with the curious kink of his mind, this was the most exquisite thing he had ever handled. He could hardly bring himself to open the back and discover what was wrong. It seemed a sort of sacrilege. It was like a surgeon about to operate upon someone whom he loved dearly.

Even by that night, when he locked it carefully away in his battered second-hand safe, he had not been able to bring himself to the point of dissecting the thing.

Lily found him even more distrait than usual at supper, and, leaving the washing up till the morning, she flung out of the cottage and joined Tom Lingyard on the beach. It was late when she came home, and she was surprised to see a light burning in the workroom.

HE suddenly felt horribly frightened himself. He was not wise in the business of human emotions. His daughter seemed to him unreal; someone whom he had never met before

She muttered one of Tom's frequent curses under her breath. The old fool was bound to make a mid-Victorian fuss unless she could get in unobserved. Not that she cared what he said. But it was all so boring and tiresome. He didn't like Tom, anyway; said his character was loose and not to be trusted. What on earth did *he* know about Tom? Big, violent-tempered Tom! She could do what she liked with him, deny him a kiss if he was rough and make him grovel. It was a wonderful sensation of power.

She couldn't be bothered with one of those silly arguments with her father. She peeped through the corner of the window into the workroom. He was sitting at his table with one hand round the base of a little clock, almost, she chuckled to herself, as if he were cuddling the thing! And he was fast asleep!

"He *is* potty," she murmured to herself, and let the key slide quietly into the door of the cottage.

The next morning she found him in the workroom still fondling the clock.

He tried to point out the beauty of the thing to her, but she shrugged her shoulders.

"Quite pretty," she said, "but I don't suppose it keeps time!"

His gentle mind told him that it was stupid to expect her to see the clock as he saw it. He smiled and said :—

"It's worth about three hundred pounds for all that!"

"Go on!" replied Lily.

He smiled again.

"It is, my dear," he said, and added, "but that's not what it's really worth, of course!"

"I shouldn't think so, indeed," replied Lily, and he let it go at that. He didn't expect her to understand.

TWO weeks later Lady Croyle called. He was sorry to disappoint her, but the clock was not ready. Lady Croyle would understand how things were with a clock like that? It was—it was like handling dynamite, if Her Ladyship knew what he meant?

Lady Croyle smiled and drove off in her explosive Austin.

As a matter of fact, Edward Yarde had not yet been able to bring himself to open up the clock at all. Even he was a little amazed to realize how many minutes he had wasted just sitting and looking at the thing. But was "wasted" the word? He thought not. But, all the same, this couldn't go on. He owed a duty to Lady Croyle. After all, the clock was hers. He felt an almost physical pang as the thought came into his mind. In a sense, he said to himself, as his fingers ran round the dial, I am in love with you.

One more night, he thought, as he locked it away in the safe, and I'll tackle the job! But he didn't. If I hurt it, he thought, I should never forgive myself. Yet he knew that these feelings were absurd.

Every night he steeled himself and every morning he was weak. He even played with the idea that he would take it back to Lady Croyle and tell her that he could do nothing with it. But he found that he wasn't strong enough to do that, either.

And then there came that terrible afternoon which put

Illustrations By W. Smithson-Broadhead

the whole business right out of his mind. He had come into the kitchen for his tea, and he found Lily sitting bolt upright in the Windsor chair with all her fingers in her mouth and her face a mask of fright.

"What is it?" he said. "What is it, Lily?"

She took her fingers from her mouth and her lips moved but she made no sound.

He suddenly felt horribly frightened himself. He was not wise in the business of human emotions. His daughter seemed to him unreal; someone whom he had never met before.

"What is it?" he muttered again.

Suddenly she began to speak in a hoarse whisper.

"It's Tom!" she said. "I knew all the time, but he said he could never be caught!"

"Caught?" he echoed. "What do you mean?"

"He was going out to-night to bring the stuff in," she whispered. "I thought it was drink, but Tom says he can be put in prison—so—so, perhaps it is something worse!"

"You mean," her father said, "that he's been smuggling—something foul?"

"I don't know!" she wailed. "I don't know! Something's gone wrong, that's all I know! Somebody knows! He's got to get away, and he has no money!"

"You're not trying to tell me," said her father, "that Tom Lingyard did these things for nothing?"

"His money's in his cottage," she returned sullenly, "and the cottage is being watched. He daren't go back there!"

"Where is he?" asked the other.

"He's hiding," she answered. "I won't say where!"

Her lips closed in a tight line and a tear ran slowly down her cheek. Her father shrugged his shoulders.

"He was never any good," he said, "and he's asked for it."

Her eyes shone through the gathered tears.

"I love him!" she said.

"You'd best forget it," answered her father.

The girl rose, almost proudly, as it seemed to Edward Yarde.

"He has left me something, so that I cannot forget it, even if I wanted to," she said. "Do you understand?"

Understanding came to him slowly, for this was outside his range of thought. But he still thrust away the certainty.

"No," he muttered. "No——"

"Our child will be born at Christmas-time," she said in a level voice. He said nothing, twiddling a teaspoon between his fingers. Anger was rising within him like lock waters.

She stood nearer to him now, and he noticed that she was utterly unafraid. She had control of her voice and spoke slowly and softly.

"I love him," she said, "and he loves me. If I can go with him, he will marry me. I know that he is not your sort. He is strong and wild. But then, so am I. We could be happy together. We could make a life of it. Every life isn't made to the same pattern . . . . Ours could be a lovely thing . . . ."

He felt hot pain behind his eyes. His anger was running through his body like brandy. He found his words, when he spoke, falling over one another.

"And you expect me to give you money?" he said. "For that? You tell me this—this—and you expect——"

His voice shut down on him, outside his control. Lily turned her back slowly and stood leaning against the high mantelpiece, looking into the little kitchen range.

Edward Yarde rose. His limbs were trembling. He went uncertainly out of the room, out of the cottage on to the little patch of garden. The west wind whistled round the chimneys. It sounded to him as if it were laughing. (*Continued on page* 61)

King Frost Comes Into His Own

1. Frost-covered spider's web demonstrating a remarkable degree of elasticity and strength
2. A winter Arcady by a Yorkshire stream
3. A woodland in winter's mantle at Oxshot, Surrey

Old Tales Re-told

Lady Hester Stanhope

the remarkable Englishwoman who left her native land and settled in Syria, where she lived in semi-Oriental splendour. (Part II)

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE, with her escort, to the utter amazement of the inhabitants, rode through the towns and villages on her journey to Palmyra, at the pace of race-horses nearing the winning-post. They left the high road and, galloping over the hilly wilderness, made straight for the camp of Prince Mahanna. The old warrior expressed his deep admiration for Lady Stanhope's boldness in making the journey. She, for her part, hastened to tell him why she came, adding, "In the spring I shall trust myself among you again. If either now or then you should turn traitors, and seize upon my person, do not imagine I will ever suffer myself to be ransomed, or that you will benefit by your treachery. If I feared slavery or death, I should not thus boldly tell you, in this place, that I despise it."

With a paternal smile Mahanna assured her of his loyalty and ordered his son to escort this brave woman to Hamah.

CHRISTMAS in Palestine could not fail to produce a deep emotion even in an independent and free-thinker like Lady Hester. To be on the very soil where the immortal drama took place, where every spot mentioned in the Bible has been identified and every footstep retraced, must surely bring that historic period so near to the mind that anyone can, with a little imagination, conjure up the whole scene most vividly. To be surrounded by natives whose manners and customs have changed little or nothing can easily make one imagine that these poor villagers were the very ones among whom Christ and His Apostles mingled.

Lady Hester visited all the Holy places with that sense of veneration felt by any cultured mind, in spite of the doubts that might have been raised by the never-ending controversies of archæologists and theologists. Along the Via Dolorosa she had followed the Steps of the Saviour, stopping at each of the fourteen points of the remarkable incidents of that Tragic Journey, starting from the Judgment Hall of Pilate to the very spot where Jesus was nailed to the Cross; then on to the Holy Sepulchre. She had visited that most disputed of all places, the Birthplace of the Saviour at Bethlehem, over which the Emperor Hadrian had erected a temple to Adonis, attracting a pilgrimage of pagan worshippers that lasted for nearly two centuries. In the fourth century St. Helen, mother of the Emperor Constantine, had the temple demolished, and replaced it with a Christian church, protecting the cave below, where Mary

Fifteen lamps illuminated the recess where a silver star on the floor marks the actual spot where Christ was born

and Joseph took refuge, and where the original Manger remained untouched until the sixteenth century, when Pope Sixtus V had it brought to Rome and placed in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, so that it was an imitation that Lady Hester saw when she entered the cave. Impressive and mysterious, nevertheless.

The only light in the cave came from five ornamental lamps, offered by faithful Christian Princes, hanging over the substituted manger, while fifteen more illuminated the recess where a silver star on the floor marks the actual spot where Christ was born. To this Holy place, which belongs to no one in particular, but to the world in general, there was, and still is, an everlasting pilgrimage which at Christmas-time increases considerably.

FOR several months Lady Hester and her escort, gorgeously attired, had wandered through this land so hotly contested by people of many nations and creeds. But she had to pass on, for her aim was to find a suitable place to establish her permanent residence. A place where there was no trace of European civilisation, no pilgrimages, no interfering authorities, for she wanted to live in a little kingdom of her own, with no one to restrain her freedom.

In March of 1813, with the approach of better weather, she resumed the final preparations for the journey to Palmyra. Prince Nazar arrived in Namah, bringing with him Lady Hester's escort, which was composed of a dozen of the most picturesque chieftains she had ever seen, all mounted and armed with long lances ornamented with ostrich feathers. Their attire was completed by gaily-coloured handkerchiefs covering their mouths and tied at the back, and their hair was in ringlets.

Two days later Lady Hester and Prince Nazar, followed by the escort, servants and camels laden with baggage, set off, the imposing cavalcade attracting a tremendous number of people.

AFTER journeying three days, they reached the tents of the old warrior Mahanna, who had pitched his camp by the side of a well dating from the time of Abraham. There Lady Hester's guard was increased by many other armed men, mounted and on foot. One of these, presented by the old chief, was a gigantic slave, famous for his courage. His ferocious appearance, scowling look, and the enormous battle-axe he wore in his belt, inspired terror in the very person he was charged to protect. This tremendous fellow was to be Lady Hester's bodyguard and the night sentinel at her tent.

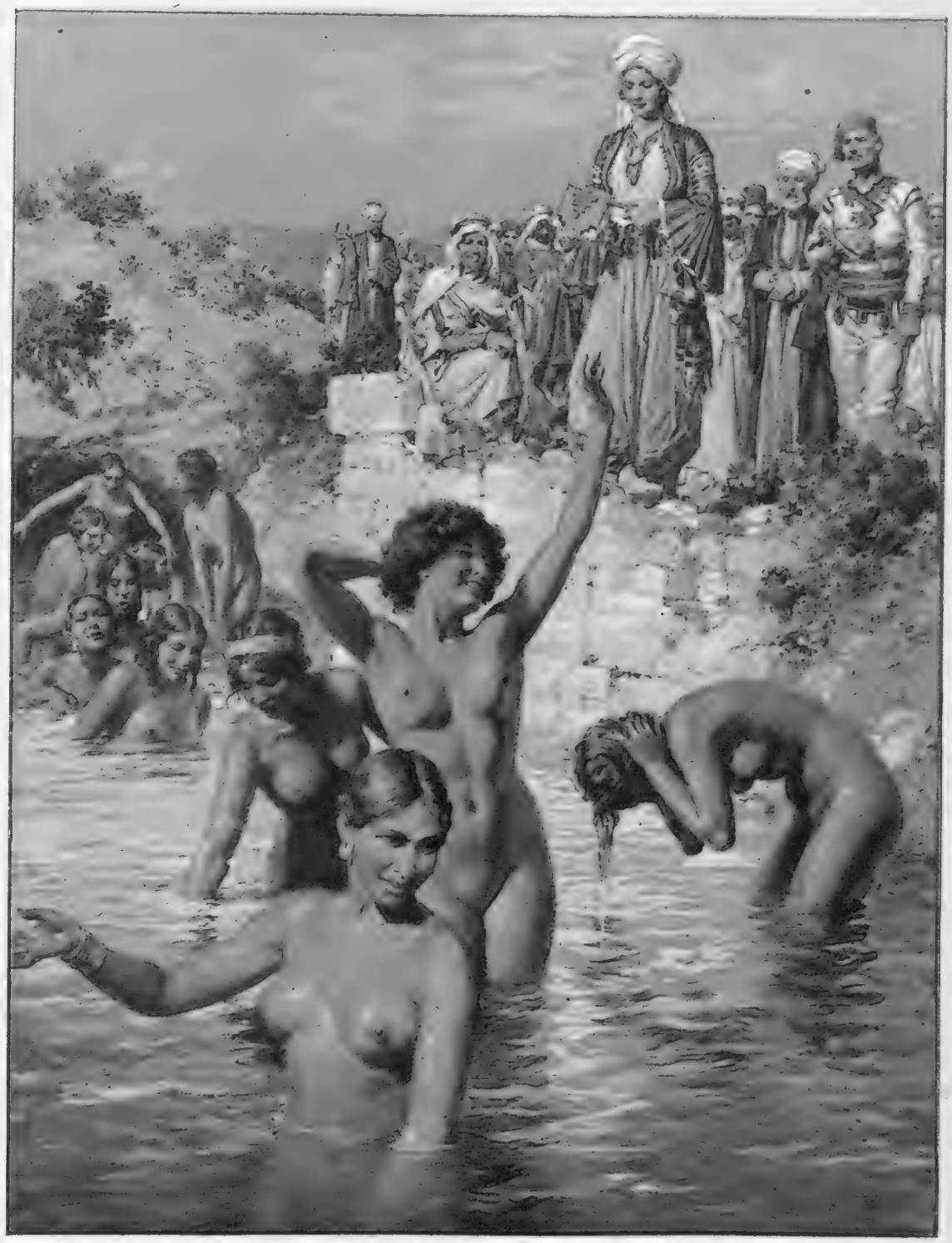
Prince Nazar was the guide chosen for the trackless journey across the desert.

Always on the alert in case of marauders, they proceeded without incident, with the exception of meeting one of the magnificent spectacles offered by the desert, an enormous caravan of more than 1000 camels belonging to a band of nomads in search of pasture. For the rest of the journey the only sign of life they saw were eagles, hyenas and antelopes, which shadowed them from a safe distance.

As they crossed the White Mountains and came in view of the plains before Palmyra, a cloud of dust rolling towards them betokened a troop of horsemen galloping furiously, beating drums and displaying banners. Were they going to be attacked? . . . . There were a few moments of disturbing uncertainty, swords were unsheathed and rifles levelled, but the newcomers turned out to be representatives of the citizens of Palmyra, who, having received information of Lady Hester's imminent arrival, had sent them to welcome the "daughter of the King of England."

Lady Hester had never anticipated the huge preparations that had been made by the inhabitants, for it was a truly stupendous spectacle that greeted the travellers as they entered the Valley of the Tombs. The crowd, lined up under the double row of very high columns leading to the beautiful Triumphal Arch, began cheering long before the procession approached.

In ancient times, each of these columns had a console, 6 ft. from the ground, on



Lady Hester Stanhope watches the washing ceremony, prior to a wedding. "Out of this arch the Arab women and girls came swimming and floundering in strings of a dozen, one after the other, stark naked

The journey to Palmyra had been a triumphal march, but the return, with the disturbing possibility of being overtaken by the Faydans, was nothing short of a precipitous flight

which stood marble statues. These statues had long since disappeared, but on this occasion they had been substituted by the most beautiful girls of Palmyra, all in graceful postures and holding garlands of flowers. As the procession passed between the lines of columns, the girls jumped down and improvised a dance on both sides of Lady Hester. Others waited under the arch, and when the illustrious visitors reached them, they retreated backwards before them, while an immense circle of dancers and people of the city was formed and joined in the singing and dancing. These demonstrations of joy lasted through the hours of darkness, and only when the need for rest became imperative were the bonfires extinguished and the noises of that memorable day died down.

AMONGST the many customs which attracted Lady Hester's attention and interest was a wedding performed with the characteristic washing ceremony. Dr. Merryon describes the scene thus: "On the morning of the wedding night a Palmyrene bride nowadays goes and washes herself at the fountain-head. A wedding happened during our stay here, and Lady Hester went to view the washing ceremony, at which, to do her honour, more folks than ordinary assisted. The spring issues from a vaulted grotto out of a low arch in a smart stream about 2½ ft. deep. Out of this arch the Arab women and girls came swimming and floundering in strings of a dozen, one after the other, stark naked. Indeed, it costs them but little pain to put themselves in a state of nature, seeing that they wear only a single covering——"

There was nothing immodest about it, for it was a rite observed with the eastern mentality, which considers a woman's face far more personal than her body.

Several days were spent among the ruins of this glorious city, when it was discovered that some Bedouin spies of the tribe of the Faydans were lurking there. They were arrested, but two of them escaped, and it was deemed wiser to leave and go back to Hamah as quickly as possible, to avoid the danger of being cut to pieces. The Faydans being very numerous and warlike, Lady Hester's escort would not take such a risk.

THE journey to Palmyra had been a triumphal march, but the return, with the disturbing possibility of being overtaken by the Faydans, was nothing short of a precipitous flight. The visit had lasted a month, and how pleased Lady Hester was of this achievement is shown in one of her letters. "Without joke, I have been crowned Queen of the Desert under the Triumphal Arch at Palmyra. Nothing could succeed better than this journey, dangerous as it was. They all payed me homage. If I please, I can now go to Mecca alone —I have nothing to fear. I shall soon have as many names as Apollo. I am the Pearl, the Lion, the Sun, the Star, the Light from Heaven. . . . I am quite wild about the people, and all Syria is astonished at my courage and success." All this time Bruce had been at her side, his patronising attitude and his obvious eagerness to shine above anyone else had proved rather futile, for the focus of public admiration had never diverted from Lady Hester, who was in every respect the most outstanding personality of all. At times he became arrogant with her Ladyship, whose temper was not always amiable. She was too intelligent and far-seeing not to realise that their wonderful romance was drawing to its close. All the sweetness of her woman's heart, her patience and the devotion of her passion had their limits whenever her freedom was interfered with. The word *subdued* was not in

Lady Hester's vocabulary, and Bruce could not help trying to subdue whoever was within the radius of his influence. Nevertheless, there were no quarrels, but only a slow deterioration of that reciprocal tolerance that generally costs so little to the man and means so much to the woman.

Neither of the two had ever admitted or mentioned the possibility of a separation, and probably this state of secret discontent would have gone on indefinitely, had not a letter from England, calling Bruce to the bedside of his father, dangerously ill, provided a plausible excuse for him to hasten his departure and for Lady Hester to send him back without injury to her pride. They both felt that they would not see each other again, and the parting was an ordeal for both.

If the disillusionment cost the woman a great deal, the separation cost her a great deal more, for while Bruce, in perfect health, was travelling peacefully towards a world more fitted to him, Lady Hester was seized by an attack of an inflammatory fever of the brain that brought her to the very threshold of death. Helped by a colleague, Dr. Merryon accomplished a miracle in restoring her to health, but the woman who emerged from the illness was never the same. Weak in health and broken in spirit, she did not feel to be any longer that intrepid and adventurous Amazon that she had previously been. Seclusion was her one imperative need, and not until three months had elapsed did she feel well enough to travel again. This time towards a fresh abode.

The place she had chosen was a convent on Mount Lebanon called Mar Elias. Many repairs had to be carried out before the place could be converted into a comfortable residence. At first sight it appeared quite unapproachable, the road being so primitive and so steep as to be fit only for goats to climb. The nearest village, an extremely poor one, was half-a-mile away, and it was there that Dr. Merryon found accommodation for himself.

After months of struggling with all sorts of difficulties he succeeded, with the help of an English maid, in completing her convalescence.

When she had regained her strength she began to feel the depression of that very seclusion she had sought. The life of a nun was not for her, and she again began to organise tours and travels from place to place. She went to Beirut, visited the majestic ruins of Heliopolis, and thence to Tripoli.

ONE day an emissary from the Sultan of Turkey arrived with an amazing proposal for her. He explained that the Turkish Government was in possession of some secret documents revealing that somewhere amidst the ruins of Ascalon an immense treasure lay hidden. No one better than the learned Lady Hester Stanhope could conduct the necessary excavations for the recovery of the treasure. If she would undertake the task she would be invested with all the authority and power necessary.

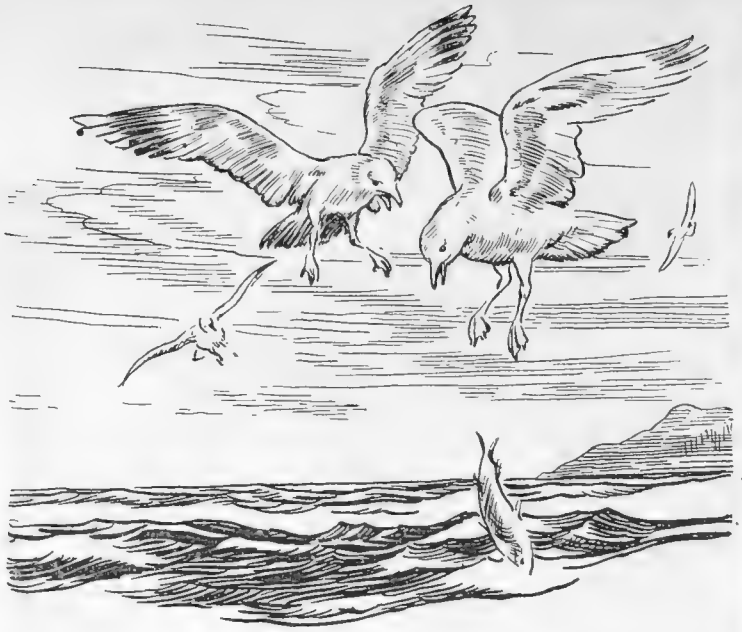
Her excitement and pride was unbounded. A large retinue was provided. Teams of horses, Albanian infantry, tentmen, lamp-lighters and 200 workers, making a body of over 400 people under the command of Lady Hester, marched towards Ascalon. As soon as they reached the spot, a fort was erected to secure the treasure against any attempt at plunder, for the news had already spread all over Syria and the surrounding silent country was alive with unseen dangers. The excavations brought to light many important (*Contd. on page 52*)

Lady Hester Stanhope in her house at Djoun. A Christian merchant invited her to dine and then, to her host's annoyance, she refused to leave the house and spent the last twenty years of her life in it

Winter in the Low Countries

A famous picture by Hendrik van Avercamp

This seventeenth-century "Winter Scene" shows the Dutch enjoying themselves on the ice, on a bright and frosty morning. Most of the people are skating in pairs and everybody seems to have their best clothes on, including the horse drawing the sledge. The artist, on account of his taciturnity was known as the "Mute of Kampen" where he was (probably) born. He produced many pictures, mostly landscapes and marine subjects, but his favourite subjects were winter scenes, of which the above is an excellent example.



She was watching the gulls snatching up some kind of tit-bit from the water

Halibut Interlude

Twenty-four Hours In The Adventurous Life Of A Sea-Monster

By William MacMillan

HILDA was a halibut, not just an ordinary, run-of-the-mill flounder that the name probably conjures up in your mind, but a bulky, seven-foot fish, some four feet in width, weighing a couple of hundred pounds and, to the casual eye at any rate, as flat as the proverbial pancake.

She hadn't always looked like this, as it happened. In her early youth she had carried her elliptical body vertically, and her eyes had been in their proper place, one on each side of her cranium. Advancing age, however, had played the usual tricks on her, shifting both bulbous orbs over to the same side, the right side, of her head, so that she now swam horizontally. In short, she was:

". . . a flat fish with eyes distorted,
square, ovoid, rhomboid and long. . . ."

Though halibut, or holibut, as it is sometimes spelt, are supposed to be gregarious, and more at home on the bottom of the sea than near the surface, we meet Hilda as she moved in solitary splendour through the deep Atlantic.

While there was undoubtedly more to eat on the muddy floor, she liked, at odd times, to drift with the current just under the surface and catch a glimpse of the world above. From where she lazed now, with but a thin layer of water above her, she had a clear view of some seagulls wheeling and soaring against the brassy sky, and of a sleek-haired seal dozing in the water a few fathom-lengths away.

Before following Hilda on her wanderings, however, it might be advisable to admit that she was a creature of moods and fancies, and as temperamental as a prima donna. When she should have been tucked away on the bottom, guzzling crabs and smaller flatfish, she was probably diving through the waves and playing nob with precedent, or drifting just under the surface, as she was doing now, and watching the ebb and flow of life in the upper world.

Lulled, now, into a feeling of security, and satisfied that nothing hostile lurked in sky or sea, she throttled down the movement of her tail and toyed with the idea of snatching forty winks.

Fortunately, she didn't succumb to the temptation. Remembering, in time, that eternal vigilance was the price of life, and that disaster invariably chose the unguarded moment to strike, she rolled her eyes and did her best to look in every direction at once.

ALMOST motionless in the water, she was watching the gulls ganging up on one of their number who had managed to snatch up some kind of tit-bit from the water, when something, an electrical vibration in the water probably, warned her of the swift approach of a hostile body. Alert on the instant, she mechanically synchronized the movements of her fins and tail as an enormous swordfish, the Black Knight of the Sea, came

GAUGING the buccaneer's speed to a fraction of an inch, she started off like a rocket bomb, tearing off at a clip wholly at variance with her bulk and build

charging down at full speed on her.

His three-foot lethal spear poised to rip through flesh and bone, and the water curling away from his dorsal fin in a feather of foam the newcomer, than whom there was none more cruel in all the seven seas, shot out of the depths like a bat out of the nether regions, and at a speed that would have put the fleetest shark to shame.

A sleek-haired seal dozing in the water a few fathom-lengths away

Hilda nursed no illusions as to her ability to outswim the swordfish in a straightaway race. She was in terrible danger and knew perfectly well that her life hung by a thread. If she could evade him by slipping away at right angles to his course she had a slim chance. If she failed.... Gauging the buccaneer's speed to the fraction of an inch, she started off like a rocket bomb, tearing off at a clip wholly at variance with her bulk and build.

Fortunately her timing was perfect, as it just had to be. And though the swordfish glimpsed her pale-coloured belly as he shot past the spot where she had been but a second or two before, he was going too fast to do anything about it. And by the time he had come about in a scorching turn that laced the surface with a double line of frothy bubbles, she was a good quarter of a mile away and building up speed for all she was worth.

Annoyed at having been outmanœuvred and frustrated by an unpretentious halibut he did his best to catch her napping. Failing to do this, he finally whipped about so suddenly he practically stood on his tail, and charged disgustedly off in search of some less sophisticated quarry.

TO say that Hilda was glad to see the last of him would be putting it mildly. Turning southward, she nosed steadily through the sea till fading daylight found her in the shadows of a small, thickly wooded isle. Conscious of the hunger gnawing at her vitals, she sloped to the bottom of the shallow bay and reduced the small flatfish and crab population of the Atlantic by a considerable number.

The edge of her hunger blunted, she was settling down on the muddy bottom for the first real rest of the day when a shadowy bulk ploughed past her and a gigantic sea turtle, water running off her corrugated shell in torrents, lurched up the beach with the grace and agility of a box car.

Hilda was fairly familiar with these colossal crustaceans of the sea. Having met them on the aquatic highways and byways she knew something of their habits and their utter disdain of predatory creatures. She had seen them both sleeping in the water, their long leathery legs and necks dangling grotesquely from between their shells, and swimming for all they were worth for some distant goal. Never, though, had she seen so old and wrinkled a turtle as the one on the beach. Her battered old carapace was rutted with a thousand furrows, her crusted legs and neck were pitted with scars, and age had given her head the outlines of an eagle's beak.

What Hilda couldn't be expected to know, however, was that somewhere in the middle of the ocean that same turtle, prompted by some irresistible impulse, had left her gargantuan mate feeding in the Sargasso beds and set her course for this particular isle.

The long voyage had been freighted with danger of every conceivable kind. But here she was, after endless days and nights of sustained effort, tired and hungry but blissfully happy.

Even as Hilda watched, the old turtle lurched awkwardly up the sloping shore and without a single backward look, proceeded to scoop a hole in the sand with her powerful flippers. The fine sand flew in clouds, and her bulky form soon disappeared completely from sight.

The halibut had seen enough. Slewing her oddly shaped body around she got her tail in motion and moved slowly seaward, to where the night was spreading a mantle of darkness over the water. And though the sea appeared to be empty of life, she knew that all about her moved mysterious fish that emerged only under the cover of night.

TO tell the truth, Hilda wasn't paying much attention to the sly furtive slitherings and ploppings going on about her. The picture of the gigantic turtle scooping up the sand still fresh in her small mind, she was moving absentmindedly through the water when she suddenly woke to the discovery that something hostile was churning a parallel course to her own.

Torn between burning curiosity and a natural cautiousness, she was trying to decide whether she should take refuge in flight, or risk a look, when the unknown suddenly changed course and she found herself staring into the cold, lidless eyes of what is known to the erudite as a grey nurse shark.

Having comparatively little imagination, the halibut wasn't easily hypnotized. Notwithstanding her immunity, however, she found herself powerless to break away

from the cold venomous eyes. Then, gathering all her inner forces together, she dived under the terrifying creature and boiled away with every inch of her elliptical torso strumming like mad.

Though she knew practically nothing about these killers with the oblique mouths, and even less about the predatory habits that made them the scourge of the seas, all her instincts warned her to put as much water as possible between them.

Tail and fins working furiously, she weaved this way and that in a desperate attempt to bewilder the shark and throw him off the scent.

Then, suddenly realizing that these crude tactics were having no effect whatever on her pursuer she finally lowered her sights and churned for the sanctuary offered by the rib-cracking pressures of the lower depths.

The grey nurse must have lost previous victims by the same deep-water route because he went into top speed without waiting, so to speak, to change gears, in an all-out attempt to head Hilda off.

Nothing could stop Hilda now, however. She was in the groove and swimming for her life. Her big tail churning the water to foam she accentuated the angle of her dive so sharply she seemed to be almost standing on her nose.

Never one to give up easily, the shark kept following her with the persistence of an aquatic blood-hound hot on the scent. And just when Hilda was expecting to feel his iron jaws clamp into her shrinking flesh the tons-to-the-inch pressures proved too much for him and he turned and shot back the way he had come.

Thankful at having escaped so easily the halibut slowed down and did her best to stave off the sudden weakness that threatened to engulf her.

By the time she had recovered her composure the world about her had stirred to life and movement. Blue and green lights, not all of them stationary, weaved and bobbed around her. Fantastically shaped fish, some of them carrying what appeared to be lanterns on the end of flexible poles, drifted out of the opaque depths to peer at her inquisitively, then vanish from sight. Other creatures that were neither fish nor animal glared up out of caves of silt or waved spidery antennæ in her direction.

BLISSFULLY ignorant of the fact that this world of suffocating pressure was accessible to her kind only because of their elliptical shape, against which the water, relatively speaking, could find no purchase, she rounded a mass of shadowy rock to find herself swimming slowly down the shrub-bordered walk of a vast submarine garden.

The place was a veritable fairyland. On one side glimmered clusters of hydroza and a hundred and one other kinds of shrubs, all giving out a faint, nebulous light. Whilst on the opposite side, great clumps of phosphorous-tinted sea-lillies nodded and curtsied as if in deep conversation with something across the way.

Fascinated by the parade of fantastically illuminated fish, Hilda was moving slowly and sedately down the path, if it could be called that, when what appeared to be a patch of green grass caught her eye. There wasn't anything unusual about the patch, unless it was its bright colour. But just as she was about to drift over it the patch shivered convulsively, heaved this way and that, and finally got up and lurched away in a series of horrifying hitches.

If halibuts have the slightest sense of taste, a fact open to argument, then sight of the rare sea caterpillar, for that is what the grass patch turned out to be, must have brought a bad taste into Hilda's mouth as she moved slowly down the path.

Hilda soon discovered that if this fairyland was a place of beauty and colour, it was, equally, a place of danger and death. Without the slightest warning, a long rope, or at least what appeared to be a rope, whipped out of the innocent-looking hydroza to loop itself about her shrinking body in slimy coils. Startled, she fell to bucking and plunging. Whereupon, two additional feelers flicked out of the dimly lit shrubbery on the opposite side of the path and wound themselves about her head. Then up from the ooze and slime of the ocean floor itself heaved the owner of the tentacles, a horrid-looking creature with great saucer-like eyes and a parrot-like beak.

Overcome with horror at the knowledge that she was in the clutches of that most dreaded of all underwater ghouls, a devilfish, Hilda momentarily lost all control over her muscles and became rigid with fear. The will to (*Continued on page* 56)

OVERCOME with horror at the knowledge that she was in the clutches of that most dreaded of all underwater ghouls, a devilfish, Hilda momentarily lost all control over her muscles and became rigid with fear

H.M. King George IV who, when Prince of Wales, was secretly married to Mrs. Fitzherbert
(On left) A portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert by Romney. She was a beautiful, graceful girl with manners which charmed everyone.

Brighton's Greatest Lady

By Gwyneth Pennethorne

ON a cold, windy day in March 1837, a long funeral procession wound its way from The Steine to St. John the Baptist's church in St. James's Street, Brighton.

Crowds lined the streets, many of the people weeping openly, for Brighton was mourning her Great Lady, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the widow—as everyone now believes, but then unacknowledged—of King George the Fourth.

Maria Anne Smythe was born in Shropshire in 1756. She was a beautiful, graceful girl, with manners which charmed everyone. She was twice married and twice widowed before her twenty-fifth birthday. Then, as a young widow, Mrs. Fitzherbert, she went to live at Richmond. In Lady Sefton's box at the opera she made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales—then a handsome young man. It was love at first sight for both of them.

An old ballad, "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill," revived at this time, was sung all over London, and everyone knew to whom the words "I'd crowns resign to call thee mine" were intended to apply. The Prince was madly in love, but she refused to have anything to do with him.

In despair he wounded himself and then sent for Mrs. Fitzherbert to Carlton House, swearing that if she did not come he would die. Mrs. Fitzherbert gave in, but wisely insisted on being accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire. They arrived to find the Prince covered in blood and declaring he would tear off his bandages and bleed to death unless she would agree to marry him. He then placed a ring on her finger.

The next day Mrs. Fitzherbert left England. She had to escape from the Prince's attentions at all costs. But nowhere was she safe. His letters and messengers pursued her everywhere. Finally the Prince wrote her a long letter imploring her to marry him, making only the condition that the marriage should be kept secret till his death. Then, and then only did Mrs. Fitzherbert return.

The marriage was performed very secretly at night, according to the rites of the Church of England, by the Rev. Robert Burt. The only two witnesses were Mrs. Fitzherbert's brother and uncle. The Prince wrote (*Continued on page 56*)

The Pavilion, Brighton. The Prince went to live at the Pavilion as he was so deeply in debt, and Mrs. Fitzherbert had a house close by. They attended the theatre together, the races, and all the festivities which made Brighton at that time the gayest town in England

The house in The Steine, Brighton, which was built for Mrs. Fitzherbert

Robert Morley as the Prince Regent in Norman Ginsbury's play at the Savoy Theatre, "The First Gentleman." Mr. Morley gives a splendid character portrait of the Prince Regent who had the sobriquet "The First Gentleman" from which the play takes its name

The Largest Jewel Ever Known

Its Scintillating Beauty Brought Disaster To The Finder

By Gordon MacCreagh

ONCE upon a time—this fantastic thing has to begin a like fairy tale—I missed finding, by only sixty-two feet, the largest single precious stone that the world has ever known!

An incredibly splendid blaze of blue light as big as a fist, it was never assayed, never weighed. Its value could only be guessed at by the experts. Like a brilliant meteor it flashed into the world, lasted less than forty-eight hours—and then it was gone! Lost in the dark! Men were killed for a hint or a trace of it.

Others are still looking for it!

Perhaps I am lucky those sixty-two feet separated me from the deadly thing. If I had found it I, too, might have been stupid about it—and would have died, even as Moung Daw.

IT was in the famous ruby mines of Mogok in Upper Burma and, of course, quite a while before the war. Mogok is up in the jungly Shan hills some sixty miles to the east of the Irrawaddy River. Access to it was by flat-bottomed river steamer from Mandalay. The steamer pulled up a shelving sand bank and put out a long teetering plank to the shore. This port was called Thabeitkyin; its only function to serve as terminus of the steep mountain road that went to Mogok. In Thabeitkyin's bamboo huts lived some Burmans, some fierce Shan hillmen, and a few transient river-rat white men; among them some of the toughest individuals of all three peoples.

From Mogok come some ninety per cent of the world's best "pigeon blood" rubies. In the same crystalline limestone and granitic gravel are found spinels, garnets and a few sapphires. As the quality and colour of the Mogok rubies are recognized as the world's best and more valuable, carat for carat, than diamonds; so also the sapphires of Mogok are the best of their kind.

MOUNG DAW let out a yell. The crowd that instantly gathered in Mogok to such a yell saw him holding in his hands a great chunk of dull blue material bigger than his own lean fist

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

market have no hesitation in prophesying that the price of rubies will flop as the Japanese loot is released for quick sale. And for the same reason—South Africa having a war to pay for, too, and the Diamond Syndicate having something like half a ton of hoarded gems in its vaults—the price of diamonds, too, will come down; though not so cataclysmically as that of rubies, because the organization that doles out diamonds with a careful eye upon artificial market prices is world wide.

The Mogok rubiferous area embraces a long valley hedged between high, jungle-grown hills along the edges of which a collection of native villages has grown, housing workers, dealers, gamblers, all the hangers-on of any mining camp. The British-Burma Government leases—leased—the whole tract to an English company, the Burma Ruby Mines Syndicate. The Syndicate, taking its pattern from the old Kimberley diamond practice, employed both open-pit and shaft-mining processes, using modern machinery. To describe it very briefly: the gravel was dug by native hand labour—the labourers wearing weird canary cages over their heads; for anybody could spot a likely gem stone if his shovel happened to turn it on top; and then a workman would promptly swallow whatever looked good for later private redemption. A sardonic joke is that several tons of not so good gravel must have been swallowed by inexperienced workmen before the canary cage idea was instituted.

In the African diamond fields the protection against pilfering is more drastic. Native labour must sign up for not less than a six-month period, during which service they are kept within practical jail compounds surrounded by electrically charged wire, and the grisly tale, indignantly denied officially, is that they are then given castor oil three days before being released.

In Mogok the raw gravel was run over riffles under a water stream, much as in our own placer gold process, and then white-man help, highly paid to be honest, sorted over the residue on slate tables to pick out and grade the gems.

All very right and proper and safe and sane. But there existed in Mogok another mining system anything but sane and not at all so safe.

The Syndicate, apart from its own immediate diggings, leased out concession claims to anybody who chose to pay the rental. These concessions were regulated only in that they ran from month to month at a price that fluctuated around the three-hundred-rupee figure, depending upon position, and no individual could take up more than one claim at a time, the size of the claim being thirty-one square feet, based on the old Kimberley law. Aside from these simple restrictions, the lessee might choose his claim wheresoever his hunch or some one of the swarm of soothsayers and fortune tellers might persuade him that stones could be found, and where he could divert a little ditch of mountain stream water sufficient to wash his hand-made riffle.

The valley, accordingly, was criss-crossed by a thousand ditches where diggers—native, half-caste, white—worked open pits with crude, counterbalanced pole hoists and hand power.

In such circumstances, much like the good old bad days of the 'Forty-Niners in California, some rather hard citizens from all parts of the world gravitated to Mogok.

An industrious man with a strong back might be sure of covering at least his expenses almost anywhere within the rubiferous area. Beyond that, if the gods were good, he might at any moment turn up a fortune. That the gods were often good, was attested to by the forest of little pagodas and shrines erected by the pious in thanksgiving for fortune. My own regret is that I never found occasion to build a pagoda; though, had my circumstances ever warranted, I surely would have become thankfully pious.

Which brings us, at last, to the fabulous sapphire—the largest jewel ever known.

THE gods distribute their favours without discrimination. It was a Burman half-breed who found it, his claim just the second down the line from my own. Sixty-two paltry feet distant. His name, after his Burmese mother, ought to have been Moung Daw. But he called himself pathetically, Thakin (meaning Mister) Stuart Wilson.

Just a hop, skip and a jump from where I, none too productively, laboured with a Shan hired hand to do the harder work and preserve my white-man dignity, Moung Wilson Daw, too broke to have any help, dug his own. And many was the time he would hoist his scrawny length out of his pit, sweaty and mad, and swear that he might just as well go back to his trade of carpentering.

Then came the miraculous morning that set all Mogok on its ear. Moung Daw let out a yell. The crowd that instantly gathered in Mogok to such a yell saw him holding in his hand a great chunk of dull blue material bigger than his own lean fist! One face of the thing had been sheared away in some ancient earth convulsion, and you could see, as through a clear window, deep into a wonderful, luminous pool of perfect cornflower blue!

The man went mad! He clutched the thing to his scrawny chest. His knees trembled and he sat down on a pile of his own recently dug gravel. His eyes looked furtively at the gaping crowd. And right there you could see the Fear descend upon him, see it grip deep into his soul!

You can imagine how any ragged tramp might feel if he should pick up a valuable

ring out of the gutters of the tougher sections of any well-policed American city. You must imagine, then, the feelings of lone half-breed Moung Daw amongst those wolves of the world.

You could see the man sweat as his eyes flashed from one face to the next; you could see them rest with instinctive fearful intuition on the more predatory ones. But the hysteria of sudden joy that was close to madness was greater than the Fear—or perhaps the man had some vague impulse that wide publicity would be some measure of protection. He climbed dizzily from his pit—I remember the eager hands, like claws, reaching down to help him. And then he headed for the native bazaar of bamboo sheds and thatched huts. The nearer he came, the more his hysteria mounted. He held his find in his tight-clutched talons above his head and shouted his discovery for all the world to hear.

In his excitement he forgot his pitiful aping of white-man habits and reverted to hoarse thanks in Burmese to the Lord Buddha for his munificence, to the native jungle spirits who brought good luck. He promised fervently to become a *hpayatagá*, an endower of a magnificent pagoda.

The mobs came and gawked. In their crowding numbers was security—for a while. Hungry men looked, glared, muttered. Presently a determined gang would make itself up by sheer attraction of wolf to wolf. Dealers, most of them astute Chinese, who would bid on thousands of dollars' worth of stones in the auction sheds with a nod of the head, peered at the thing and threw up their hands. Hard-looking men shoved through the crowd, jostled Moung Daw. Singly, they hardly dared attempt a grab, among so many people; but they looked about the crowd for more of their ilk.

Moung Daw, sweating more than ever at his work, would never let his incredible stone out of his hand. He clung to it as to his own heart. The news spread by the same crowd telepathy that let our own 'Forty-Niners know that so-and-so had struck it rich.

The Syndicate officials, who had sent a pair of policemen to rescue Moung Daw from the mob, looked at the fantastic stone and gasped. They told the man that they themselves just did not have enough money to make him any sort of offer for it, but if he would leave it with them to lock up in their safe, they would set the long-distance machinery in motion to make up a syndicate in London or Amsterdam to buy the gem. Offhand they would not attempt to appraise its value; but by brief guesswork, just handling it, the experts of the mining company estimated the thing to weigh, uncut as it was, between seventeen and eighteen hundred carats! The biggest gem stone ever known to history!

Note now the unchangeable way of the East. The Asiatic in Thakin Moung Wilson Daw's blood shied away from relinquishing his prize from his own possession. What the Oriental has he must keep under his own eye. So Indian rajahs hoard their vaults of fabulous jewels. So does every coolie bury his pitiful store of rupees under his fireplace. The East is the great graveyard of wealth. It is found, it is minted—and it disappears!

So with Moung Daw who tried to call himself Stuart Wilson. He clutched his stone and chattered that the company should form its purchasing syndicate first and when they had the money to talk business they should let him know. And he took his deadly stone and went away.

By this time it was coming dusk!

And before nightfall, as soon as the shadows were dark enough to blur faces, two attempts were made upon Moung Daw's life! They failed only because they were hurried, before somebody else should make his try for incalculable wealth.

And then fear piled upon fear had the effect of jolting the man's nerves back to sanity. Moung Daw disappeared from where men were.

After a while he came back; and about that time I met him.

I said: "What? Still alive, chump?"

And he said, "Yes, Thakin. By the luck of the Omnipotent." And he didn't mean the Christian God either. He agreed, "Yes, I have been a fool. I was mad with the excitement. *You* know how we can dig and dig for a lifetime and remain forever poor. But now I have seen sense. I no longer have it on my person. I have buried it!"

I told him, "You are still a fool. When somebody catches you some night and puts hot charcoal between your toes? How good will your burying be, and for how many minutes?"

And the fool said, "With this wealth to come I can

(*Continued on page* 58)

BEFORE nightfall, as soon as the shadows were dark enough to blur faces, attempts were made upon Moung Daw's life

QUITE PRESENTABLE

Originality, plus a flare for colour, will enable you to give simple Christmas gifts without robbing the family coffers or coupon books.

1. Make your own Christmas cards with coloured drawing paper. Use water colour and a fine brush to scrawl a greeting. Attach a packet of seeds with Christmas stamps, some gilt charms or a flower posy as decoration.

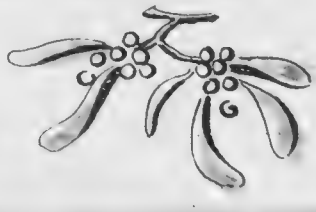
2. Night-cap cosy from odd wools. With four knitting needles, size 12, and two-ply wool, cast 20 stitches on three needles. Knit as for a sock, with ¾-in. welt, for the length of a tumbler. Make a flat base by decreasing sharply (K. 1, K. 2 tog.) for one round. Decrease more slowly until no stitches remain.

3. Head scarf for evenings. A large square of all-over unrationed lace, finished with a narrow lace edging, makes a glamorous gift.

4. House bootees. Knit a pair of ankle socks in gay colours or stripes, using up odd lengths of wool. Pad the sole and cover it with felt, chamois or suede. Bring the "welt" well up the sides, fitting with small darts.

5. Neck band or belt. Narrow velvet ribbon studded with gilt charms, obtainable at six-penny stores. Sequins, glitters, diamante or fancy buttons can be used instead of charms.

6. Gift basket. If you have a garden, fill a shopping basket with vegetables and flowers. Add a ribbon bow.



Mistletoe

IN a sense, Christmas makes its bow before all of us this year under entirely new management. Whatever age, occupation or political persuasion may apply, this is something new. Dress up the season in the conventional period costume; bring on the Yuletide fare and the holly berries, and the fact remains: this Christmas makes its debut upon a new stage.

Here we are, with an overwhelming future to contemplate, staging the good old show again, yet it is not a wartime celebration, nor yet, in the accepted sense, a peace one.

Women are asking themselves if this new-style Christmas is going to mark the beginning of really new things in their lives and homes. Are we going to shilly-shally with promises of this and that improvement, or are we going to act, each of us with conviction and enterprise, so that better houses, better equipment and more leisure for harassed women shall be recurring Christmas presents of the future?

In this new world women want action about these things. They want less talk about atomic energy and more washing-machines.

In the past few years women have learnt to use their heads and exercise their powers of organisation as it was never thought possible. The future holds more and more opportunities for the expansion of their practical influence, not only for the general good, but for the improvement of their own supreme sphere, the home.

VERY important people among the masses who are out to enjoy this first peacetime Christmas are our new brides. Puzzled people they are, for the most part, wanting to get their roots down and return to normal, yet wondering how to do it in a society where roots and normality are, temporarily, at a discount. One fact emerges with startling clarity. Young women are hoping to make of this, their first Christmas united with their menfolk at home, as good a job as their mothers (or, more particularly, *his* mother) made in the past, but they will discover that a very high standard of efficiency is required. The food situation, the high cost of living, the current need to make one thing do the work of two, allows for no complacency about skill in home-making. You may enter home-making as an amateur to-day, but unless you take active, immediate and scientific steps to qualify, the consequences may be too bad.

This Christmas is a sort of test. If new brides can pass it by distilling the old Christmas magic in the home; if they can give their returned menfolk a sense of comfort and security, and, at the same time, make a good job of the Christmas roast, it is a propitious start.

Bow

Presenting news and views of Christmas as it appears to different people and different ages at this the first celebration to follow upon the years of war

MANY of the problems which Christmas housekeeping presents will serve as highlights upon the general problems to come. The art of good cooking and making a home beautiful with the few materials available demands enterprising study and application.

CHRISTMAS in cold barrack-rooms, carols in jungle swamps : all these have led along a weary trail to this coming Christmas, for many the first " blighty " one in years.

For every woman who includes in her party a returned exile, there is special responsibility to make this celebration a practical symbol of returning normality and to provide the comfort which they have so long lacked.

A thing to impress upon the returned exiles is the fact that, whatever may be lacking, their presence is the thing which gives this Christmas more reality than its predecessors. One of the psychological problems for them is the feeling of not fitting in, of being somehow apart from intimate family associations.

For the time being, wives and mothers will, in generosity, suppress their own grievances. We know that they exist, but we who have been privileged to remain at home should put all we have into making this new Christmas a worthy one for those who sacrificed the privileges of home life, that we might remain.

THE people who will drain a brimming measure of excitement from this Christmas are the children. For them, particularly the under-sixes, this can be a dazzling show. For many little ones this is the first Christmas with Daddy at home. They will look with round, astonished eyes upon their first good toys.

No weight of future problems rests upon these young revellers. No odious comparisons with the past need crop up to dampen present joys. This is Christmas, perfect and complete, and we, the more disillusioned adults, can partake of the same joy through their young eyes.

NEW CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

The old customs of tradition still have a lingering fascination, but time and circumstances have watered them down until some of them are hardly recognisable.

For instance, you can't serve a peacock under a crust as they did at the solemn Christmas banquets of chivalry, but a chicken pie makes a modest substitute if you find yourself with an extra bird this Christmas.

The wassail bowl, original version, was generally composed of wine, but ale makes a palatable potion when heated with nutmeg, ginger and some bobbing pieces of apple. A little rum, if you can procure it, gives an authentic kick.

The custom of drinking out of the same cup was an original feature of the wassail bowl, but few people could have anticipated that the " loving cup " would come back as a measure of sheer necessity dictated by the shortage of glasses. Plastic mugs and beakers in charming new colours are appearing in good supply just now. They are effective for party use and inexpensive.

PLASTIC

We have waited a long time for factual have to bestow. There has been much last is the elusive plastic, in person. and labour-saving benefits for the Equipment illustrated in the available in the shops, and through judging from this first impression,

This side of the aluminium-and-plastics kitchen forms a continuous unit including a refrigerator, a streamline cooker, metal draining-boards and a metal sink equipped with burners so that, in addition to usual functions, it can be used for boiling the family wash

The opposite side has a larder, a working surface, two cupboards and a rack for saucepan lids. Outside and inside surfaces are of pastel-blue plastic finish

PLASTICS, we have been told, are one of the most significant discoveries of the age. Beauty, utility and durability have been forecast among their many virtues. Tantalising promises of their wonders have been spread abroad until, thirsting for some practical manifestations, the housewife has come to say, "All right, we have heard a lot about plastics. Now show us some."

So here they are. This is the story of what plastics can do for the home—not to-morrow or at some unspecified future date, but to-day.

At an exhibition lately staged in London, one of the foremost manufacturers of plastics has given a practical demonstration of their uses, with the assurance that production of the equipment shown is in full swing and will be available to the public immediately. The exhibition plastics-and-aluminium kitchen will claim first honours as an example of practical progress in labour-saving design.

Plastic surfaces are the great feature of this kitchen. The walls, ceilings, cupboard facings and all working surfaces are of glossy-smooth, pastel-coloured plastics.

The walls are faced with aluminium panels upon which a plastic "skin" has been sprayed. Aluminium forms the base of all cupboards and fittings, which are also finished to correspond with the walls.

The benefits of this type of surface are, of course, that it is permanent, non-absorbent, chip-proof and stain-proof and simplicity itself to clean. A variety of charming pastel-coloured finishes are available. Egg-shell blue was chosen for the exhibition kitchen which is illustrated. The curtains were maroon plastic fabric.

A big news-feature of this most intelligently-designed kitchen is the two-purpose sink. At first acquaintance it differs very little from any other good, deep, generously-proportioned metal sink, but there is a difference. Underneath, concealed by cupboard doors, is a gas-burner. On wash-days the sink is thoroughly rinsed (metal sinks are very easy to keep free from grease) and filled with hot water from the mixer taps. The gas-burner is lit and the clothes are put into the sink for boiling. A lid to fit the sink is taken from its place at the back of the metal draining-board where, when it is not functioning as a lid for the sink, it provides a door to conceal the mangle, which slides out for action on the draining-board.

The plate-rack over the sink is plastic. Built-in shelves hold glass store-jars with coloured plastic tops. Inside the larder perforated aluminium sliding trays are for storing vegetables. Cooking utensils and table appointments shown at the exhibition have two outstanding advantages. They

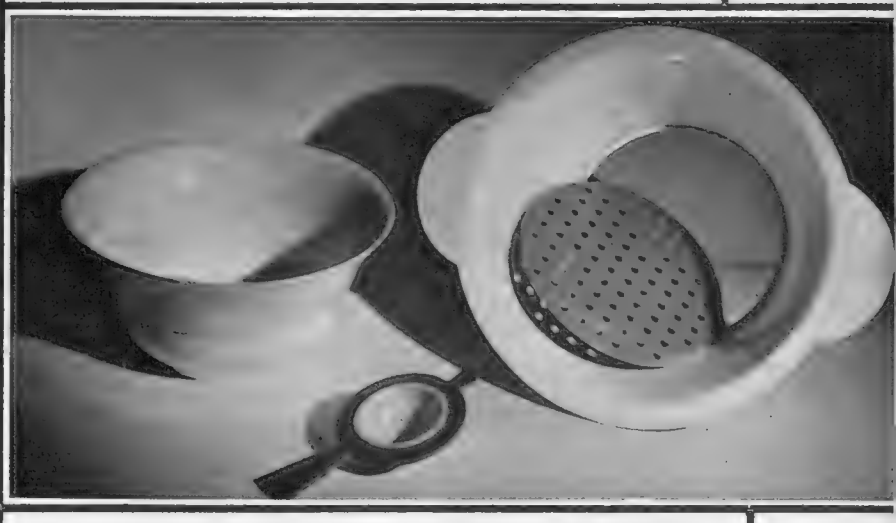
PREMIÈRE

By Winifred Lewis

details of the benefits which plastics talk and many promises, but here at Actual production of these decorative home is now in progress.
photographs reproduced below will be building channels, almost at once and, the public will pronounce them good.

Interchangeable fitments for kitchens and bathrooms are moulded in plastics which are easy to wipe over, and not liable to chip or stain. This is a divisible two-unit cupboard in black and white

As in the kitchen, the bathroom has walls and cupboard surfaces, inside and out, of coloured plastic "skin" imposed upon a light aluminium base



A colander with interchangeable metal bases for straining different foods. A small strainer and mixing bowl are also shown. (Below) Plastics and glass combine to make two preserve dishes and a nursery mug in pastel colouring

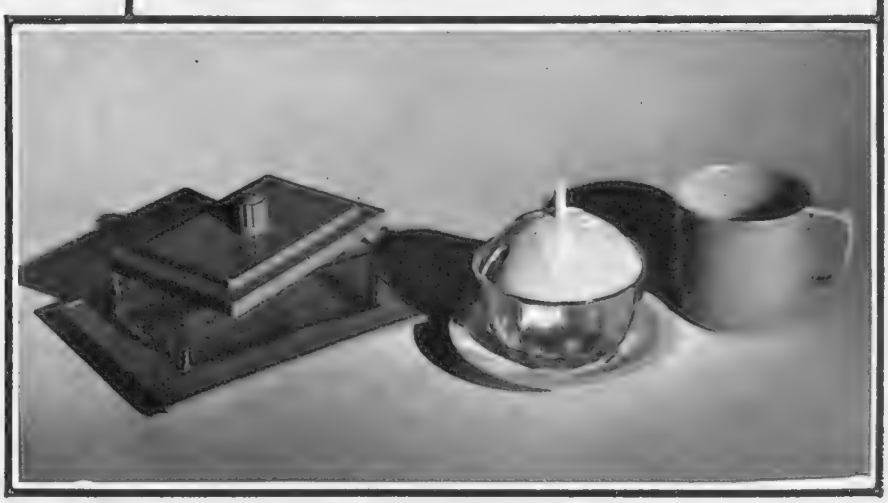
combine good design with a really earnest attempt to provide for practical needs.

In the past, design played a rather insignificant part in the creation of equipment for the home, but the day of the industrial designer has dawned in this country, and if early successes are maintained, it is here to stay.

This is why the future of plastics, quite apart from the immediate developments of which we have spoken, is so exciting.

Coloured translucent plastics have a beauty which can be likened to precious stones. Moulded into jewellery, as lamps, lighting fixtures, ornaments and table appointments, they have all the advantages of beauty and richness of colour combined with durability.

Furniture, not yet in general production, has been successfully moulded from plastics in combination with metals and upholstery. Door furniture, handrails, colourful bathroom and kitchen fittings, handbag tops and even heels for shoes figure prominently amongst things to come in the promised world of plastics.



Fast &

IT seems a little odd at first impact to utter warnings about over-indulgence at Christmas, with the food situation what it is. All the same, there is a magic which invests Christmas, and through which, by means strange and wonderful, the self-respecting housewife will contrive to dish up the fatted calf yet again.

This is no attempt to spread alarm and despondency, but you are asked to remember that, after six years of austerity feeding, the body has no way of conditioning itself to meet the tidal wave of food, rich and otherwise, which will undoubtedly come its way.

Years of schooling our systems to do without richer foods, without fats, creams and sweets, and of nibbling at morsels, has taken its toll and left an indelible mark upon our digestive capacity.

It is true our stomachs may have been kept adequately full, but not with the same kinds of food to which we were accustomed before the war. After so much austerity feeding, our bodies are far less able to cope with feasting. The chances are, indeed, that biliousness will come more easily and that indigestion will pounce upon you, however much you may have flattered yourself of past immunity.

Eat and be merry by all means, but remember that by mixing a little common-sense discretion with the revelry, you may ensure a much happier Christmas. A bilious headache is *not* a good thing to have on Boxing Day. Moreover, even if you are prudent yourself, it is no fun to have other members of the family incapacitating themselves over the holiday by over-indulgence.

So far as you yourself are concerned, make a good start for the day and anticipate coming pressure by drinking a glass of hot water first thing. A small saltspoonful of some health salts can be added if you like to enhance the good work. This by way of an internal rinse, of which the value can hardly be exaggerated.

If there are older people in your house-party, very weak hot tea has a mild medicinal value.

MAKE allowances for the fact that on this, the busiest of all holidays from the housewife's point of view, you will be working and enjoying yourself under pressure. In view of this, try to relax at intervals throughout the day, however briefly. If you can manage to do so just before eating, so much the better.

Hostesses are the ones most likely to succumb to headache and a sick feeling of over-fullness after the rush of preparing Christmas dinner. This is because the digestion has not been able to contend with the rush and excitement of cooking and serving the meal, in addition to the extra strain in itself imposed by unaccustomed food.

If you are feeling even slightly under the weather after dinner, leave everything and relax quietly until your digestion has had time to recover itself a little. This is a tall order, but a little delay with the chores is preferable in every way to an evening spent in misery.

If lemons happen to be available, one of the best early treatments for a bilious sick headache is lemon-juice. Otherwise, a little cold water and a saltspoonful of bicarbonate of soda will probably dispose of the discomfort, providing you *relax*.

With so much to do, you may feel the need of hot stimulants to keep you ticking over during the holiday, but make an effort to drink tea weaker than usual and cut out strong coffee, which is liverish. Don't pick at foods while you are rushing about your duties. In other words, if refreshments are the order of the day, take them, but take them when you are relaxed and sitting down. It goes without saying that if you continue to nibble at the good things when you are already feeling a little over-full, you must take the consequences.

THE family won't need much persuasion to take a quiet rest after the Christmas dinner; they may need a little more coaxing to get out into the fresh air for half an hour, but if you can prevail upon them, do so. Make an effort to go yourself.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Get some fresh air even at the expense of delaying preparations for the next meal.

Older people can dispense with this remedial exercise and are, in fact, quite well advised to abandon any ambitions they may have to keep up with the younger people of the party.

Whereas over-eating can make young people sick and middle-aged people indisposed, it can have more serious consequences for those past middle life. Indulgence which may only result in a headache for the young, can make the oldsters seriously ill. So, for your own sake, and theirs, don't press your older guests to eat or drink beyond their powers.

If you have children in the party, try to ensure that they use up their extra intake of "fuel" by a similar expenditure of energy. Keep an eye on nibbling after meals; make doubly sure that bowels function regularly. A very mild aperient dose on Christmas Eve, just in case, is a sound idea.

The same good rule should apply for everyone. Don't make yourself miserable with gloomy forebodings of the price you pay for revelry. Use a little wisdom in your feasting, and when the feasting begins to get the better of you, *fast.*

For Fireside Fans

Here are four important rules to remember as you hug the fire these long winter evenings. Heed them and you may not have so many black marks against your beauty credit balance when the Spring comes round.

EYES. Try not to sit and read with the fire in your line of vision, even if it is in the background. If not reading, do not fire-gaze; both the glare and the heat are ruinous for the health and sparkle of your eyes.

LEGS. Cover your legs and feet if you must sit close to the fire. Feet are prone to develop chilblains and legs may get those unsightly scorch marks which are almost indelible and will show through all stockings except woollen ones. This is particularly important with gas fires.

FACE. Do not roast over a fire without protective make-up on, especially if you have a sensitive skin. Sunlight is excellent for a skin prone to red veins, but the fireside glow and heat are fatal. It is very important if you are going out into the cold air later, or if you have just come in from the snowy winds, to take the fire's heat in small doses, and always have plenty of protective make-up on under your powder.

HANDS. Don't touch coal or any part of the fire without tongs or gloves—coal dust and soot will put your hands on the black list for days despite all your creaming and later care. Coal mitts can be easily made in an evening.

DECEMBER NOTES

The day when you can get whatever you want in the way of beauty preparations will be the day when everything is off the ration. But already things are a little easier, and even if you do not get your favourite cream when you ask for it, you are not optically consigned to the madhouse for merely asking. Here, now, are some notes of preparations and beauty services which are newly available and which may help your beauty store cupboard this December season.

CHRISTMAS DAY. . . . Helena Rubinstein has brought out a new make-up (lipstick and powder) which should, if it lives up to its attractive name, "Pink Champagne," make Christmas Day a sparkling success. Pink is the coming season's fashionable shade, so the powder tone will emphasise the pinkness which is sure to invade your wardrobe before long. In any case, this very pinkness is perfect for the cold, pinched faces of winter. The lipstick is very natural in its matching rosy pink shade and should blend well with any colouring except red-heads, any colour outfit except tan.

CHRISTMAS GIVING. If you have a friend to whom you wish to give an original and worthwhile present this Christmas, and if she lives in London, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee or Dublin—you can give her a Cyclax treatment token, as Cyclax has salon representatives in all these cities. Tokens can be of any value from 10s. 6d. upwards. So many women still have to experience the thrill of their first salon facial treatment and only need something like this to break the ice for them to make a regular habit of it. This is a gift worth giving and something out of the common rut of presents.

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY. Of course you want something exciting in the way of a hair-do for these festive nights of our first long-anticipated peacetime Christmas and New Year. But sanity warns you that on the morning after you just cannot cope with a built-up or elaborately curled coiffure. The Elizabeth Arden Salon has a service especially to help this very problem; there you can have your Marie Antoinette set for the party (prices range from 12s. 6d. for shampoo styling and set), and next morning have the set rearranged into swirls instead of curls for just the additional payment of half a crown.

SLEIGH-RIDE. For the sensitive English complexion—now made even more sensitive by six years of impoverished diets—outdoor sport has its problems, as exposure to winter winds brings chaps and red veins.

There is a foundation cream on the market now which protects and coats the skin under the powder, nourishing it as well.

There is a lipstick, too, with an emollient base which saves cracked lips during the days of bitter winds.

SUCH LOVELY PRESENTS

If you recall the outstanding Christmas presents of your life, it wasn't the routine box of hankies, the chocolates and scent which gave you the unexpected thrill, it was the present which just twanged a cord harmonious to your age and interests. Such presents are still possible in many cases. Here are some reminiscences of well-remembered gifts recorded by two average people. They may give you ideas for these so-difficult days of present-giving.

"It is years," says the man in our picture, "since I really looked forward to Christmas from a receiving point of view. Men, they say, are not easy to please in the sense of present-giving, but I must admit there have been some pleasant surprises even in recent years since my tastes might have been called a little jaded. Once was when my wife presented me with a club subscription which I had always promised myself and never achieved. Then there was an old print she found showing one of the scenes of my youth, much as I remember it.

It hasn't always been new things that have given me pleasure, either. I lost a treasured pipe once. Some member of the family found it again, after much searching which would have discouraged me. That little re-presentation ceremony, kept for Christmas, pleased me more, I 'd say, than many I 've had which concerned things of more intrinsic worth.

Looking back I recall that when youth gave experience a *carte blanche* I had one of the thrills of my young life in a Christmas gift which gave me a day at the races—ticket, fare and cash for a modest punter provided. That came from a sporty uncle, and I can thank him to this day for the means of satisfying a youthful craving which might otherwise have broken out in nefarious exploits. It didn't turn me into a gambler, either.

I suppose the appeal of this gift lay in its flattering assumption that I had reached man's estate.

Then, of course, during the same period there came the price from someone of a course of lessons with a golf Pro., and, another time, a first-class book on the technique of amateur photography, which was a current hobby. No, I shan't forget such gifts as those.

Going still further back, I remember that, as a lad, the gifts which mirrored my latest hobby seem to have been the highlights. A box of tropical moths which had been hidden in some relative's attic for years were exciting beyond belief. Another time an ancient microscope and some slides kept me busy for months after Christmas with what I regarded as scientific research.

Somebody else with inventive genius started me off with a scrap-book on football stars of the period. I was an ardent fan, of course, and a bound book with a few pages of photographs and Press cuttings relating to the lives and exploits of my current idols started a collection which continued, under my own steam, for quite a few years."

Asked to reminisce about gifts, the lady pictured above says: "Ever since I married, people have given me presents for the house which, acceptable as many of them have been, never have quite the same power to thrill as the gifts which meet some more intimate requirement or taste.

Last year a wealthy woman friend gave me a gift token for six appointments at a good hairdressers'. That was a thrill, indeed. Somebody else with less money but an abundance of imagination offered to take the two children for a week-end while my husband and I had a couple of days unaccustomed gaiety on our own. Another thrill came from a beautiful coloured and framed enlargement from a snapshot of the children. It was a complete surprise, because I had not even been aware of its existence.

When I was in my late teens and early twenties every gift that savoured of sophistication was sure to find its mark with me. An order for my first made-to-measure suit; a sophisticated hat; the first cosmetic gifts and really flighty pieces of underwear were unforgettable thrills. Next best gift in my teen recollections was my first visit to a hair stylist. His early taming of my bushy locks was certainly a thrill for me and must have brought relief to my friends.

As a nipper I was known as a bit of a tomboy. Dolls didn't stir the maternal in me as they should; I was more interested in adventure. Probably my happiest moment was when I got a snub-nosed, curly puppy of unspecified ancestry to share my many exploits and (though I should have been outraged at the suggestion) upon which I could lavish my maternal affection without let or hindrance.

My mother started a collection of china animals for me one Christmas. They grew to be a grotesque assembly, regarding me with mixed expressions of porcelain indifference from my bedroom mantlepiece. I still have them, as a matter of fact, and, yes, I still like them quite a lot."

On Duty & Off

WHEN women are free to make their own choice again, it will be interesting to see whether beauty culture as a career has the same appeal as in pre-war days. If you are thinking of taking up this particular career, it is useful to know the following facts.

The successful beauty expert need not be either very young nor is it necessary for her to be pretty. The best age for this work is between twenty-five and forty, and the expert must obviously practice what she preaches. Her hair, complexion and hands must be immaculate and the unfailing cleanliness of herself, her clothes, and her work must be perfectly obvious to the client, but she need not be a pin-up girl. Pleasant voice and pleasant manners are essential to success, and the beauty expert should have the qualifications which inspire confidence in the client.

OFF DUTY

In London before the war there were at least five schools for beauty culture, and the prices charged were 95 guineas for a nine months' course at one school; another charged 5 guineas for twelve lessons in manicure and the prices for various courses at this school went up to 100 guineas for twelve months' course in all subjects.

One of these firms is re-opening its school of beauty culture early in the new year. The probable fee will be 25 guineas, which will cover theoretical and practical training in massage and also salesmanship. The object of this course is to find places for the students as masseuses in many of the large departmental stores throughout the country, but, of course, this greatly depends on how soon the present quota is lifted on preparations used for facials and various types of treatment.

There is another school for beauty culture where you can get private lessons for 30s. an hour, or a course of fifty hours for 50 guineas. Students taking either of these courses select the subjects in which they are most interested. Classes are held daily except Saturday; morning session is from 10.30 a.m. to 12.30, and the afternoon from 2.30 to 5 p.m. Besides this course there is a ten weeks' course at 60 guineas which has been carefully arranged to enable a girl to be thoroughly efficient and capable of taking a post on passing the examination on the completion of the term. This intensive course has been arranged on the assumption that there will be a demand for well-trained assistants when beauty salons are in full swing again. The students are taught the French, American and Viennese methods of massage, and the electrical treatments which most of the salons will expect them to know. They are also taught manicure, and there are lessons in salesmanship.

For those girls who intend to start a salon of their own, there is a Beauty Specialist Course of five months which costs 100 guineas. It covers the following subjects :—

Anatomy. Physiology. All beauty treatments by massage and electricity for acne,

(*Continued on page 62*)

WHEN as a child, I was told that if you took care of the pennies, the pounds would take care of themselves. You might just as well take care of a penny in these days, because it buys nothing, and as for the pound, it is extraordinary to think how its value has decreased in London compared to pre-war days.

For instance, walk down Bond Street and price the hats in those milliners which were called Guinea Hat Shops in 1939. Now, for the equivalent model you pay 8 to 8½ guineas. Compare the price of night-gowns. You now pay £12 something for the night-gown you would have bought for 25s. before the war. The guinea handbag is now 9 guineas. The cami-knickers which you could have purchased for 30s. are now £7 7s. The tailor-made which was priced at 14 to 18 guineas before the war, is now forty. The dinner gown which would have been expensive at £20 in 1939, now costs you somewhere between £60 and £70. And as for the 5s. three-course wartime meal, if two of you can get out of a restaurant for less than 30s. without a stomach ache the following morning, you can boast that you have eaten remarkably well and very cheaply.

When I heard an American major remark that, during the last few months he had found the cost of leave had increased enormously in London, then I realized, no matter what statistics might have to say, the cost of living in London has undoubtedly mounted sky-high.

Jane Gordon

The Authentic Shudder

Reflections On Ghosts And Ghost Stories

By Wilma Buckley

GHOST STORIES are now what is called "seasonable," though, for that matter, to the genuine amateur they are welcome all the year round.

It is traditional to gather around the Yuletide log, or its 1945 equivalent, and to exchange firelit, phantasmal, fictitious or real-life experiences. Speaking personally (as one always does, sooner or later), I find it infinitely more terrifying to read ghost stories than to listen to them; and in solitude at that. The spoken word, even sepulchrally intoned, is far less frightening and the presence of other human beings too reassuring for a properly spectral ambience.

The perfect setting for a Grand Guignol story would surely find the solitary reader in a lofty, shadowed room in an ancient house, preferably at the end of a long passage; the fire burns low, the candles flicker, the wind is howling, a distant dog bays faintly to the moon, somewhere a door is uneasily banging, the grandfather clock ticks relentlessly . . . was that only mice scuffling behind the skirting, or do I hear footsteps shuffling down the corridor? ("How now, a rat?")

Or the reader is in bed, in a heavily carved four-poster, canopied bed, with half-drawn curtains that sway erratically in the draught; there is a sealed-up doorway in that dark corner, leading to the turret stairs; the other rooms in this wing are all unoccupied; the rain is lashing at the windows; the black oak cupboard, large enough to conceal *anything*, creaks suddenly . . . is that someone standing outside the door, fumbling at the keyhole; can I hear heavy breathing, or is it merely the flickering fire on the hearth?

Any ghost-story may not be automatically and *ipso facto* frightening; the formula for the authentic shudder is necessarily subtle. Too much explanation reduces the tale to a matter-of-fact level; no explanation at all leaves one suspended in mid-air, so to speak. A surfeit of horrors (vide *Dracula*) is inclined to defeat its own ends, and a ghost-story must be at least faintly probable to be really unpleasant and effective. An "atmosphere" which is curious and strange in itself, a dealing with eerie and unusual themes (see *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, and other tales by M. R. James), produces the highest degree of macabre enjoyment. One of the nastiest —I mean this as the highest praise— essays in the supernatural that I have ever read is *The Cat Jumps*, by Elizabeth Bowen, in which real horrors, unpleasant enough in themselves, are blended with the unreal to such an extent that it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins.

J. S. Le Fanu, Shane Leslie, Oliver Onions, and Arthur Machen are other authors among whose works are to be found superb specimens of the suggestively supernatural.

NEAR to where I live is a large and rambling mansion, grey-stoned, grey-walled, panelled and wainscoted in oak, candle and lamp lit; containing innumerable gloomy, twisting stairways, winding passages; rooms with many communicating doors and closets, steps up and down, low and sinister windows (in the Tudor wing) . . . and a ghost consonant with the general lay-out. In a shadowy alcove sits an armoured figure, bowed over an open Bible laid out upon the table before it, alarming enough in itself to come across when turning the corner, inanimate though it be. Tradition has it that, should anyone remove the Bible, the figure in armour will rise at dead of night and follow the culprit until the Bible is returned to its usual place.

Now this, I maintain, has the right hair-raising flavour about it; it is singularly unpleasant to imagine, in this particular house, any stealthy, silent, pursuit by an armoured figure, visor down containing—what? stalking about the passages and staircases, trying the door locks, dark in the darkness, glittering in the moonlight that floods through an uncurtained window on the landing. And what a warning to the lax tribe of book borrowers!

What has been described as the shortest ghost story in the world gives a fillip to the imagination: Lying awake in bed at midnight in the haunted room, the fearful voyager decides to strike a light. Stretching out a trembling arm towards the candle, a box of matches is suddenly put into his hand by—Something . . .

Some ghost stories are not really alarming at all, but merely strange and sad. Among these, I would classify *An Adventure*, the quite extraordinary but well-authenticated experiences of two level-headed (*Continued on page* 68)

On left:
Derek Walker-Smith

Books:

Reviewed by
Alan Seymour

EVEN the most loyal admirers of Charles Dickens have to admit that there were moments when he seemed to be writing more for his own amusement than for his reader's, but such a criticism cannot be levelled at his great-granddaughter.

"**Thursday Afternoons**" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is Monica Dickens's new novel and it is written exclusively for you and me.

I don't mean by this that she has not obviously enjoyed writing her latest description of hospital life—the kind of existence she previously delineated so brilliantly in "One Pair of Feet"—but rather that her book is a confident blend of authorship plus readership.

Nurse Lake is deliciously drawn—but then, so are all the other characters.

Please do make a point of reading "Thursday Afternoons." It's full of deft touches like her description of Dr. Sheppard on his rounds with: "Sister Grainger was officiously arranging charts on the counterpane. Behind her, the nurses were drawn up in order of seniority, one with a pile of notes, another with the big envelope of X-rays, and the untidy little probationer, who had only been there two weeks, wondering if it were better to stand with her hands behind her as taught, or in front of her to cover the stain on her apron."

IN the post-monsoon inferno of September, 1944, my military duties took me on a three weeks' visit to India. About my only pleasant memory of that trip is an early-morning view of the distant snow-clad Himalayas from the balcony of my Simla hotel bedroom

I thought then how wonderful an experience it must be to journey through their ranges.

Having read Eve Orme's invigorating "**Mountain Magic**" (Rich & Cowan, 10s. 6d.) I know now that I was right. This book is written with disarming modesty, for in fact the shooting trip undertaken by the author and her husband was quite an astonishing feat of endurance for a woman. Their route lay through Ladakh and the higher ranges of the Himalayas—including two passes at an altitude of more than 18,000 feet—to the uninhabited region of the Chang Chenmo Valley.

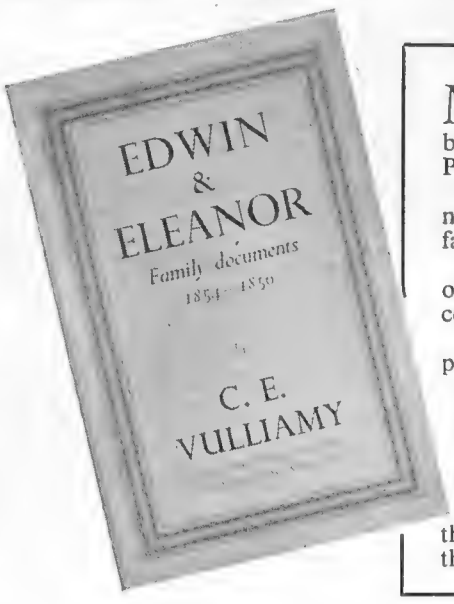
The journey was made on foot and pony and took just under four months, during which time they experienced phenomenal contrasts in temperature and suffered many privations and discomforts.

The story of their vicissitudes is told with a gay but never irresponsible light-heartedness, and the terrain and its inhabitants are described with vivid touches.

The illustrations, of which there are thirty-four, besides a map of their route, are rather disappointing. They should have been trimmed to eliminate superfluous sky and foreground; this would have enabled larger-scale reproduction of their points of real interest.

AFTER the 1914-18 war, Britain luxuriated in a well-earned relaxation. To-day such a period of physical and mental recuperation is no less, indeed far more, our just entitlement.

It says much for the national conscience that instead of abandoning ourselves even momentarily to such (*Continued on page* 64)



A FAMILY AFFAIR

MR. VULLIAMY has a genius for discovering exceptional family journals. Many readers will recall his previous books, such as "The Montagu-Puffins" and "The Polderoy Papers."

In "**Edwin and Eleanor**" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), his new volume of family documents, he has unearthed his most fascinating collection to date.

The papers cover three years, 1854 to 1856, in the lives of a young husband and wife who, although living in the country, are by no means ordinary country types.

Their story is one of comedy, romance, plot and counter-plot, such as would keep many a novelist going for years! Mr. Vulliamy presents it all with consummate artistry and the journals—many of which are ironic and many full of wit—lead up to a crisis which comes as a considerable shock to any reader of susceptibility.

The descriptions of contemporary life, whilst they add sparklingly to the narrative, emerge more by implication than by direct statement, most of which is concerned with the characters involved in this delicious book.

Cosy Bed Jacket

MATERIALS

8 oz. of 2-ply Paton & Baldwin Scotch Fingering; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles; 1 yd. ribbon.

To fit a 34-in. to 36-in. bust measurement.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles cast on 60 sts. K. 1 row. Work in patt. as follows:—

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—K.

4th row.—K. 2, * place needle in next st. as if to k., then wind wool twice round right-hand needle and two fingers of left hand, winding it in the opposite direction to knitting, then take it round fingers and over the needle again and draw all 3 loops through the st. on left-hand needle, then put these 3 loops on left-hand needle and k. all 4 sts. tog., as one st.; rep. from * to last 2 sts., k. 2. These 4 rows form patt. Work until 6½ ins. from the cast-on edge, ending on the 4th row of patt.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end of row, then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Continue without shaping until armhole measures 6 ins., ending on the 4th row of patt.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Sequins and Wool

MATERIALS

5 oz. of Sirdar 2-ply Super Fingering; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 knitting needles; sequin trimming for the shoulders.

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins.; across the back and front underarms, 18 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 131 sts.

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—K.

Next row.—K. 3, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 3; rep. from * to end of row.

5th and 6th rows.—K. Change to No. 10 needles.

Continue in moss st. (i.e., k. 1, p. 1 alternately on every row). Work until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE FOR SLEEVES

Inc. 1 st. each end of the next row (133 sts.). Work 7 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of the next row (135 sts.). Continue in this way inc. 1 st. each end on every 8th row, working 7 rows in between, until 139 sts.

SHAPE FOR NECK

Work 63 sts., cast off 13 sts., work 63 sts. Work on the last set of 63 sts. (place the first set of 63 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the last set of 63 sts., inc. 1 st. at every 8th row at the sleeve end, at the same time casting off 3 sts. every neck edge row until 31 sts. remain. Continue for 2 ins., keeping the neck edge without further shaping, but inc. 3 times more at the sleeve edge (34 sts.).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 2 sts.

Return to the 63 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the first 63 sts.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until the increase of sleeves 143 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 65 sts., cast off 13 sts. Work 65 sts. (*Continued on page* 66)

Long Dresses For Christmas Evenings

1. White silk crêpe dinner dress with the skirt softly draped into a V front. The back is straight and simple with a centre fastening to the waistline. Hartnell.

2. Mimosa wool studded with gold and turquoise around the low heart-shaped neckline and down the centre front of the V-shaped bodice. Hartnell.

3. Dinner dress of black moss crêpe with a straight-cut body line cascading into an organza train from a low hipline at the back. Rahvis.

4. Bronze and gold metal lamé is used for this close-to-the-figure evening gown which swings backwards from draped hips into a bustle effect at the back. Worth.

OLD

CELERY HEN

Mince the giblets of a boiling fowl and mix them with an equal quantity of mashed haricot beans, 1 chopped fried onion, salt, pepper and 1 reconstituted egg. Stuff the bird with this mixture,

Sweets For Dinner And Tea

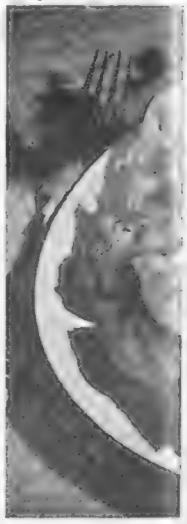
CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Chop ½ lb. of apples, peeled and cored, and mix with ½ lb. of breadcrumbs, ½ lb. of sultanas, ¼ lb. of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of ginger, 2 or 3 drops of rum essence, and ¼ lb. of lard, suet, or margarine. Finally add 2 reconstituted eggs well beaten up, and 1 grated carrot. Add enough milk to form a stiff dough, place the mixture in a clean cloth, and steam for 2 hours. Serve with the usual rum or brandy butter.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Rub ¼ lb. of fat in ½ lb. of flour and add enough water to have a stiff paste. Roll it out thinly and line a buttered cake tin, leaving enough paste to cover the top. Fill with a mixture made of the following ingredients: 4 oz. creamed margarine; 8 oz. of currants; 8 oz. of sultanas; 2 oz. of breadcrumbs; the shredded peel of 2 oranges; ½ lb. of flour; 4 oz. of sugar; 2 reconstituted eggs; a few drops of almond essence; mixed spices to taste, and enough milk to moisten the mixture.

Cover the cake with pastry set aside, brush over with egg, prick with a fork or skewer in several places, and bake for 2 hours in a low oven, watching your pastry doesn't burn.



SALMON PUDDING

Strain off the liquid from a tin of good salmon and with it make a thick sauce. Cream the fish, adding the sauce and 1 oz. of margarine. Work until a smooth paste is obtained. Next make a batter with 1 cupful of milk, 2 reconstituted eggs, 1 cupful of flour and a pinch of salt. Toss up some very thin pancakes. (You should make 10 pancakes with the quantities given.) Grease a soufflé dish and fill with the pancakes, spreading on each as you go a little of the creamed salmon. Cover with margarine shavings and leave in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve very hot with tomato sauce.

PILCHARD PARCELS

Prepare an ordinary batter mixture,

Good Food

and coat thickly the number of pilchards required. Fry on both sides until brown and serve in a bed of brussels sprouts.

N.B.—When cooking brussels sprouts, don't just tip them out into a strainer when ready and hope all the water will drain away, because it won't. Tip them instead into a dry frying pan and shake them for a few minutes over a high flame. The water will then evaporate. Cover with margarine shavings and pepper lightly before serving.

TIME DISHES

wrap and tie it in grease-proof paper, put it in a saucepan and cover with vegetable stock or water. Bring to the boil with 1 carrot, 1 onion, and 1 turnip, and let simmer until tender. Remove from the saucepan, take away the paper, and serve the bird surrounded with celery hearts and covered with the following sauce :—

Boil for 5 to 6 minutes, 5 to 6 celery hearts; strain and place the vegetable in a saucepan with 1 oz. of margarine. Let simmer until soft, then sieve. Add 1 tablespoonful of flour to the purée and 2 cupfuls of milk. Stir whilst bringing to the boil, adding salt to taste.

MALTON GOOSE

Just cover ½ lb. of crustless bread (preferably stale) with boiling milk. Let it soak well then mash and add 3 oz. of shredded suet, 2 chopped onions, 1 crushed clove of garlic, 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoonful of oatmeal and 2 eggs reconstituted and well beaten. Spread the mixture in a greased fire-proof dish and leave in a moderate oven for half an hour. Meanwhile have your goose roasting in the ordinary way, but for the last half-hour of her oven life, sit her on the pudding with enough gravy just to cover the mixture.

TURKEY PUDDING
(for those odd pieces left on the bone)

Pass through the mincer about ½ lb. of meat and mix with salt, pepper, 1 grated onion (raw), 1 cupful of white sauce and 3 reconstituted eggs well beaten up. Put the mixture in a greased mould or soufflé dish, tie down with a cloth and steam for 1 hour. Turn out before serving and surround with a purée of haricot beans mixed with fried onions.

DUCK, PEASANT FASHION

Remove all the outer leaves of two cabbages and cut the latter in two. Remove also the hard centres, tie each half with string and blanch. Next put them into a large saucepan with a duck, 2 carrots, 1 celery heart, 1 onion stuck with cloves and as many rashers of bacon as you can spare. Cover with water, add a little salt and pepper and a bouquet of herbs and let simmer for 2 hours. Serve on a large dish, the duck in the centre surrounded by fried chipolata sausages and beyond a ring composed of the cabbage and bacon.

SPICED BEEF

Make a mixture of 1 oz. of saltpetre, 1½ lb. of salt, 2 oz. of sugar, 1 crushed bay leaf, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs and a few blades of mace. Rub the piece of beef with this mixture for five days running, a few minutes every day, then let it stand, turning it every day, for a further five days, in the brine which has formed. It is then ready to use. As a further refinement, boil it in ale, after which it may be served either hot or cold.

CURRIED PORK

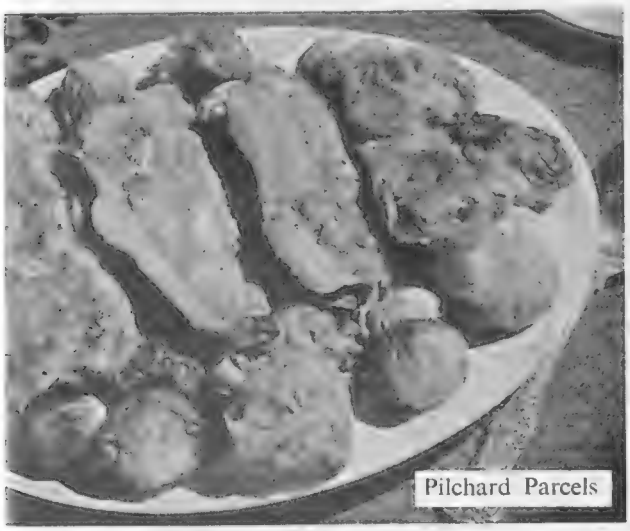
Fry your pork cutlets on both sides until lightly browned; remove, and in the same fat fry 1 chopped onion. Next brown 1 tablespoonful of flour and then add 1 dessertspoonful of curry powder and 2 cupfuls of meat stock. Bring to the boil, stirring well, and when boiling add the cutlets, salt and pepper to taste, and let simmer, with a lid on, for 10 to 15 minutes.

As a substitute for the unobtainable rice, serve the meat with pearl barley cooked in meat stock, not water.

CHRISTMAS EVE PIE

Bone a chicken or a rabbit, sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper. Grease well a fireproof dish and arrange layers of chicken, bacon, and sausage meat mixed with the minced liver and kidneys of the bird. Add 1 cupful of water, put a lid on the dish and bake in a hot oven until the meat is cooked. Add more water if necessary. Remove, let cool, and cover with a rough puff pastry. Bake until the pastry is ready and serve either hot or cold as preferred.

Harriet Muir


Pilchard Parcels

Ham Mould

From Tins

HAM MOULD

Boil in salted water 2 cupfuls of spaghetti; when cooked, strain and leave to cool. When almost cold, line a greased fireproof dish with the greater part of the spaghetti, fill the centre with chopped ham, fried onions and tinned peas (mixed vegetables if peas aren't available). Cover with the rest of the spaghetti, and, finally, pour over 1 cupful of milk well beaten up with 2 eggs. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes, turning out before serving surrounded by braised celery.

ECONOMY STEAK

Mix the contents of a tin of stewed steak with ½ tin of haricot beans and ½ tin of mixed vegetables. Turn all into a fireproof dish lined with pastry. Cover with a "lid" of pastry, sticking the edges well together with damp fingers, and bake in a moderate oven until the pastry is nicely coloured.

SARDINE SOUFFLÉ

Reconstitute 4 eggs with milk instead of water, beat well, then add 4 tablespoonfuls of sieved flour, 1 of grated cheese, and mix thoroughly whilst pouring in 1 cupful of milk. Melt 1 dessertspoonful of margarine in a fireproof dish, fill with half the egg mixture and leave in a medium oven until set (about 10 minutes). Cover with boned sardines in tomato sauce (not in oil if possible) and add the remaining egg mixture. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake until brown.

TONGUE PIE

Cook 1 large potato per person in its skin until tender; strain and let cool. Peel and cut into thin slices, and then arrange alternate layers of potato and slices of tongue in a fireproof dish previously well greased. Cover with a white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake until brown.

Would You Believe It?

Louisa Kay

WHETHER we like it or not, the child of this atomic age is a more sophisticated person than we ourselves were at the same age, and some of us have asked ourselves, if, in the light of this, we can expect the modern child to accept the old fairy tales of Christmas.

As parents, we may deplore the fact that our boys and girls are more fascinated with the mechanical details of a tank than with the facts, or otherwise, of the old fiction that Santa Claus comes down the chimney but what can we do about it? Shall we surrender our children to this modern trend towards realism? Is it worth continuing the struggle to preserve their illusions; can we seriously expect children who have spent their early years in contact with the grim realities of war, to deal in fairy fiction and like it?

I think the answer is "Yes," within limits.

IN the first place, one has to be convinced that the Christmas fictions which have been served up to children for ages past are, in themselves, worth while. As to this, one has only to see the joy in little faces and the light of anticipation in young eyes confronted with the age-old legends to be convinced.

These children of to-day may be sophisticated beyond their years. They may be tough little realists, but the very young mind will accept much more than we suppose. It is curious, but not yet analytical. It asks questions, but it accepts the answers given and is satisfied.

The aim, I believe, should be not to deprive children of the happiness of make-believe while it is acceptable, but to present it in a form which does not conflict with growing experience and intelligence, and does not destroy confidence in your own veracity.

After all, as adults, we are ourselves susceptible to the allures of fiction. A good ghost story entertains us, whether or not we accept the authenticity of its theme. Some of the most successful films bear as much relation to real life as the story of Peter Pan and what could be less concerned with realities than the average musical comedy? Do we believe them? No, but we accept and welcome them for their entertainment value or for the relaxation they offer from the stresses of real life.

SO it is with children, but more so, because you can carry the game much further before meeting the inevitable reaction, "I don't believe it."

This is bound to come. Depending upon the nature and the intelligence of the child it will come early or late, but this is not a crisis—though some would have us believe it to be so.

When a child says: "Mummy, was it daddy who put the presents in my stocking?" the only answer is, "Yes, it was daddy, but it's fun pretending, isn't it?"

Few children will react unfavourably to a forthright and light-hearted explanation of this kind. A few there may be, who will put you on the spot and ask you why you told a lie about it. When, and if, it happens it is easy to be reassuring by saying that it was not intended as a lie. This is a game that everybody plays, even grown-ups and you only *pretended* to believe it.

Don't ask children to believe what their intelligence rejects. For that matter don't ask them to *believe* anything that you wouldn't believe yourself. Encourage them in the understanding that realism is a good thing, in its place, but that fiction is a lot of fun.

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Professional hints about pressing, useful for keeping new and old clothes in good trim

Pressing seams of woollen garments is important if they are to have that professional look. Run a dampened piece of soap under the seam turnings before applying the iron, which must, of course, be used through a damp cloth. Iron on several thicknesses of cloth to prevent seam edges imprinting a mark on the right side of garment

Making a new pleated skirt with success, and even pressing a washed one, depends upon the ironing of the pleats. A safe tip, if you want the pleats to hang perfectly straight, is to press them in so that they are three-quarters of an inch wider at the hem than they are at the waist line

Well-pressed lapels are important to the appearance of a suit or coat. When pressing (which should be done on the wrong side with a damp cloth), bang material on the right side while it is still steaming with the back of a clothes brush

The seams of silk garments should be very carefully ironed, particularly in the case of rayon, as the seam edges are inclined to imprint a shiny mark on the right side of the material unless the following method is used. Cover a round stick with a clean cloth or towel and press the seams over this. The turnings will fall away from the point of the iron, and avoid marking the other side

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SYMPTOMS OF THE MENOPAUSE

(Change of Life)

Frequently the first symptom experienced by women approaching the Menopause is "Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck," but there are many others often difficult to distinguish because of their similarity to ordinary health disturbances. Therefore, women between 40 and 50 troubled with any of these symptoms are advised to

CONSULT THEIR DOCTOR

Some of the more usual of these symptoms are:—Nerves, Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

An interesting book, "The Crisis in a Woman's Life," dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by Clinical Products Ltd., 23c Thames House, 2 The Green, Richmond Surrey, the manufacturers of

MENOPAX

Issued by: Medical Dept., Clinical Products Ltd., Richmond, Surrey

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 24)

discoveries in statuary and architecture, but when the hiding-place that should have contained the treasure was reached, it was found to be completely empty. It had been rifled many years before, 200 years in Lady Stanhope's reckoning. Fifty days of feverish work and breathless expectations had ended in the most bitter disappointment she had ever experienced.

The party disbanded, and she was the last to leave Ascalon with its useless fort which stood there, a sarcastic and derisive monument.

SHE resumed her wanderings from place to place, until one day at Djoun she was invited to dine with a certain Christian merchant. This hospitable man told Lady Hester that if she liked the house he would be glad to accommodate her for the night. She said that she liked it so much that she would stay for the rest of her life. Two weeks later she was still there. The astonished host told her frankly that he had no intentions of letting or selling the house, to which Lady Hester graciously rejoined that she did not want to rent or buy it, she simply wanted to keep it.

The speechless merchant, after having tried and exhausted every peaceful means of persuasion in order to be rid of her, denounced his extraordinary guest to the Emir Beshyr, and sought the protection of the law. This official, finding the merchant's request quite reasonable, sent an order to Lady Hester to give up the house at once. A day or so later, however, the order was withdrawn. A special emissary from Constantinople had brought a command from the Sultan to the Emir to obey the European princess in everything. Fearing the worst, the unlucky merchant fled with all his belongings, swearing that he would never, as long as he lived, invite any one else to dinner.

It was in that house that Lady Stanhope lived for twenty years, a recluse gradually detached from the rest of the world. She sent quarrelsome letters to every one, including Queen Victoria. She fell into debt and struggled with money-lenders. One by one her servants left her. Others were dismissed. Even Dr. Merryon, whose devotion had prompted him to bring his family to the East, left her. Alone against the world she fought to get her pension, she fought to protect fugitives from wars and persecution. Many people of the Western world considered her insane, but *The Times* launched a campaign in her favour.

In spite of her many eccentricities, there emerges a figure of high ideals, noble sentiments and an undaunted courage.

In June, 1839, without the attendance of a doctor, and only a black servant to nurse her, she died. The rest of the servants fled, after having looted everything they could lay hands on, but no one dared to touch the many ornaments she was still wearing when she closed her eyes for ever. It seems as though even in death, Lady Hester had the power to protect herself.

END

Love Is A Funny Thing

(Continued from page 12)

your establishment what will vouch for him right 'ere on the spot.' With that I calls Lady Mary out from my parlour.

"'These blokes,' I says, 'want to arrest Corky as an escaped prisoner. You'd better identify him.' So one of the patrol looks at her and asks her if she knows this man. And Lady Mary stands there and she looks straight through Corky as if he weren't there and she says: 'No, I don't, I don't know 'im.'

"You could have knocked me over with a feather—and Corky, too, with the same feather.

"Then the fellow what was arresting him says: 'I thought that Canadian accent was phoney; come along Fritz.' Then before I could get my breath, they 'ad Corky outside. I turns to Lady Mary. 'Whatever did you do that for?' I asks her.

"'Teach him a lesson,' says she, with a smile all over her face, and I could see she was delighted to think 'e 'ad come all that way just on the off-chance of seeing her.

"'What's the good of a lesson that lands him in the clink?' I says.

"'I don't care,' she says. 'I hate snobs, and that's what he is. Canadian,' she says. 'They pretend to be so democratic, but just because I had a title wished on me when I was born he turns 'is nose up at me.'

"She was real angry and that was just another proof that, seeing him again, she was crazy about him.

"'All right, all right,' I says. 'They sing about Love's young dream, but to me it's nothing but a nightmare.' Then she says: 'The proof's in the pudding; maybe I've misjudged him and if he goes up the hill with that patrol looking like a wet duck as he was just now, he's not the man I fell in love with, and he's no good to me.'

"With that there was an 'ell of a commotion outside and then all of a sudden in bursts Corky with a black eye and 'is tie all pulled out, yelling some Red Indian war cry. He kisses Lady Mary smack on 'er lips, leaps over the bar and disappears through my parlour before the patrol bursts in after him.

"'Did he go through here?' they shouts at Lady Mary, but Lady Mary, she's standing there holding her lips in a kind of daze, so they jump over the bar and follow through.

"Then Lady Mary, she comes to life. 'They're after him,' she cries.

"'You don't say,' says I, sarcastic like.

"But she doesn't listen. 'I know where he'll go,' she cries, then if you please, she's out of the front door like she was riding after a pack of 'ounds. I'm out just in time to see 'er dashing down the hill to the 'arbour. Then what I sees is like a picture in the cinema. The wharf is straight down the hill and there alongside is lying half a dozen motor torpedo boats. I see Lady Mary jump aboard, I hear her shouting, 'Tallyho, Tallyho!' and then out from behind the houses runs Corky. He leaps in 'er boat, she casts off, I hear the roar of the engine, and just as the sailors on the wharf wake up enough to know what's happening, and as the shore patrol gets there the boat pulls out, picking up speed, and they're off. I could see it was the old Corky down there from the way he roared out past the pier, to hell with caution, just like he was with them E-boats when he got a medal that time.

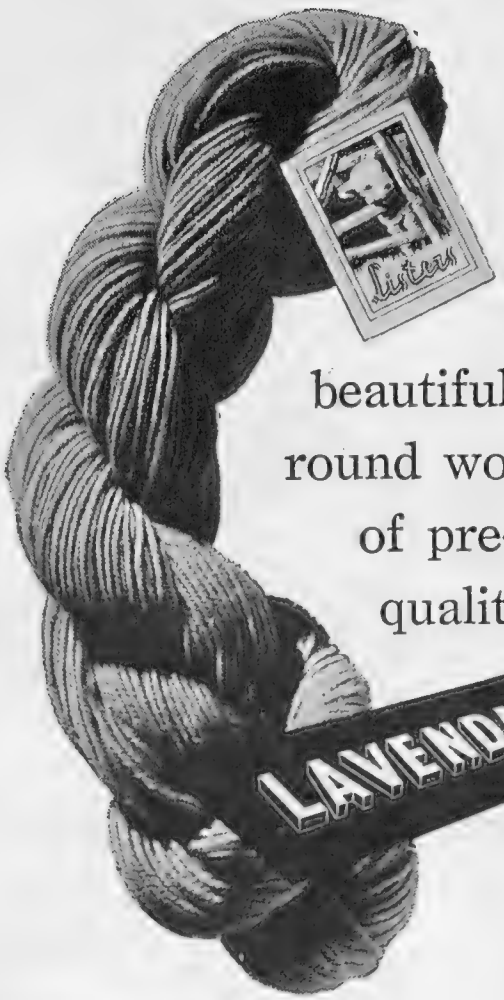
"I watched them and I could just see them, her hair blowing past her ears and 'im at the wheel and, blow me, if my eyes didn't fill with tears, me being the sentimental kind. So I had to go in and have a good cry and find a handkerchief and what with that and putting on a kettle to make a cup of tea to settle my nerves I didn't see 'em any more."

Gertie blinked a glisten of moisture from her eyes at the memory.

"Do you really mean to say you didn't see them any more?" I asked.

"Well not for half an hour or so," admitted Gertie. "Then if you please it was opening time and in comes Corky and Lady Mary and the shore patrol, all arm in arm as you might say, looking as pleased as a bunch of children. I see there's a black eye and a couple of bruises on the shore patrol, and Corky's right eye is real shut by now, but nobody seems to worry. "'Set 'em up, Gertie,' says Corky. 'Set 'em up all round, and this is on me. It's the happiest day of my life.'

"I says nothing, and sets 'em up. Then I looks at Corky and I looks at Lady Mary, and I says: 'If I ain't speaking out of turn and breaking no naval regulations, or, in other words, if I ain't (*Continued on page 54*)



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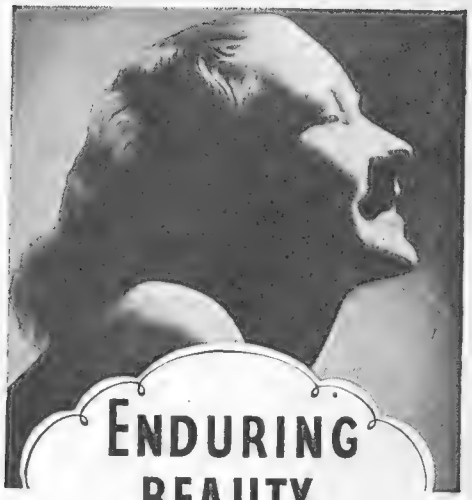

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intruding on a private party and treading on anybody's toes, I'd be interested to know what the 'ell 'as 'appened.'

"Corky lifts his glass and, black eye and torn tie and all, the way that fair 'air of his falls over his one good eye makes my heart turn over. 'Gertie,' he says, 'this is the crowning day of my career.'

"'Somebody crowned you all right,' I says, looking at 'is black eye.

"'Let that pass,' he says, 'everybody's happy.' With that he tells me how when Lady Mary rescued him by what he called the sheer genius of two mated minds, they dashed out to sea, swearing at each other like two fishwives because each had landed the other in a nasty act of piracy which My Lords of the Admiralty might take in the wrong spirit. Then when they finished swearing at one another 'e lets go the wheel and they kiss one another, and the boat and their heads go round in circles. After that, it's just one thing after another. They get the boat in 'and and they are wondering 'ow they will ever get back without being thrown into clink or shot, when they passes a small rowing boat with a man rowing like 'e was mad. Just as they passes 'e jumps up and throws his hands up, and the wash of their wake catches his boat and over he goes into the drink. So they swing round and rescues 'im and as they pull 'im out they see bits of a navy lieutenant's uniform floating from under the boat.

"'It's the prisoner,' they both say at once, and with that they see they're both saved, and they fall into one another's arms again while the prisoner falls back into the sea.

"Anyway it ain't serious, seeing 'e's wet already, and they fish him out and they find out 'e was 'oping to get to France and blarney 'imself past the French as a British naval officer but when 'e sees the M.T.B. going hell for leather he thought it was after him and 'e just gave up.

"'This makes us 'eroes instead of criminals,' says Lady Mary, and then they 'ave another kiss. The prisoner couldn't make head or tail of it, nor could the shore patrol when the runaways came back delivering the real goods right into their very hands as it were.

"It appears from the way Corky was telling it that 'e'd convinced the shore patrol and the Navy that 'e'd known all along that the prisoner was escaping out to sea, and that his drastic action in resisting arrest and in taking Navy property without permission was merely in keeping with what the Navy had taught 'im about Lord Nelson.

"So Lady Mary she winks at me and I winks back at 'er, but I can see she can hardly take 'er eyes off Corky, what with that black eye of his and the way 'e looks at her with the other. So I says to Lady Mary, I says, 'You left your 'at in the parlour,' and I says to Corky, I says, 'And 'eaven only knows where you left your senses.'

"'In the parlour,' 'e says, quick as a flash, and 'e goes behind the bar after Lady Mary. I shut the door on them and then I winked at the shore patrol who were old friends of mine anyway. And that was the last I saw of Corky and 'is girl."

Gertie patted her ringlets again and looked up at the clock.

"You mean the very last?" I asked.

"Well, not quite the last. I couldn't resist peeking through the keyhole, me being the sentimental kind. After so much trouble I couldn't bear to think they might start quarrelling again."

"And did they?"

"No. It was lovely. Why, if I had a man who could kiss like that I wouldn't let 'im out of my sight, even if I had to handcuff him." Gertie glanced up at the clock. "Opening time," she said. "Look through the window. Here they come. They're on their honeymoon."

I turned to look through the window. They were as nice a couple as ever I'd seen.

"Handsome, aren't they?" said Gertie proudly. And for a moment she looked nearly as happy as they did.

END

Love Is A Funny Thing

Transatlantic Battle (*Continued from page 16*)

mattress spread like a surgeon's plaster on an inaccessible shelf which was built into one side of a highly insanitary box called a 'stateroom.'" Maybe, who knows, the local colour for many of his classics came from what Dickens saw of the steerage conditions, for emigrants were required merely to exist—or to die—in seagoing doss-houses.

Eastbound, in 1847, came the poet-philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, who summed up *his* experiences of the voyage: "I find life at sea an acquired taste, like that of tomatoes and olives. The floor of my room sloped alarmingly, and I have come to the conclusion that nobody but an idiot would like being upset, rolled over, choked with bilge and stewing oil; the wonder to me is that any man in his senses can *be* a sailor!"

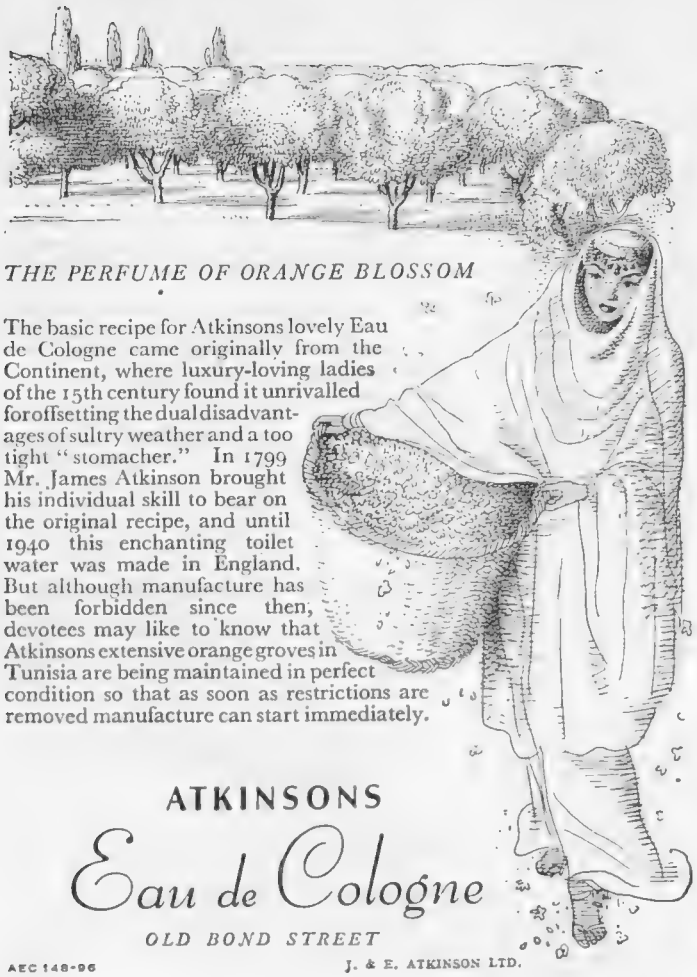
From those days onward the cavalcade of Western Ocean shipping was to move with amazing speed. Crimps had had their day and were now gone. Wooden ships slowly gave place to iron, then to steel. Sails came down a-running, and tall funnels sprang up in their place. Paddle-wheels departed, and the forerunner of the modern screw started churning the seas.

The windships of the North Atlantic themselves had logged an epic chapter in the long history of the sea; as late as 1880 the old-timer *Hannah Morris* made one of the most prolonged Atlantic crossings recorded. Eighty-five days out of Liverpool, bound for Philadelphia, with heavy seas roaring over them, with the monstrous gale tearing at their bodies, half-naked, half-demented seamen climbed wearily for the last time into the shrouds, trimmed the tattered sailcloth—and prayed to God that land lay somewhere ahead. So she reached port, *one hundred and twenty-six days out from home*; she and the men who served her had done their job as seamen born always and everywhere under the old Red Duster *will* do it.

But men like Samuel Cunard, with Burns and McIver, their first mail contract signed and sealed, were to carry the British Flag still more proudly aloft; Cunard penned that superb letter: "Dear Sirs—I shall require one or two steamboats of about 300 horse-power and 800 tons or so. . . ." A remarkable document, still quoted among seafaring men as marking the first real crossing of the "Wintry Ocean" under continuous steam; marking, too, the British achievement of safe, speedy and comfortable transatlantic ocean travel.

American ship operators watched Cunard's progress with more than a fair measure of bitter envy and suspicion; they claimed it would "require all American talent and energy to enter this contest with England for supremacy of transatlantic ocean steam navigation." Their demand was for speed. "Extraordinary speed, against which *they* . . ." and those Americans jerked a derisive thumb in the general direction of Britain, ". . . can never *hope* to compete." The battle was joined.

The 1,000-ton Cunarder *Britannia* logged 10.56 knots to make the crossing in ten days, a record which was lowered within twelve months by another Cunarder, *Acadia*, to nine days twenty-one hours. Full-blooded romance was there, too; there was the American "liner" *Dreadnought*, the "Wild Ship of the North Atlantic," commanded by Captain Sam Samuels. When he reached Liverpool, the dock police warned him of bad feeling among his crew; a flaming red beard was shoved into the face of the astonished police superintendent and the good Sam exploded: "Me sign on a fresh crew *here*? Why, I'll see 'em in hell and pumping brimstone! I'll draw their teeth before I sail without 'em!" And Samuels made yet another record for America, fought out the attempted mutiny to a standstill, and on arrival in New York was presented by crew and passengers with an illuminated testimonial. (*Continued on page 56*)



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Western Ocean record-makers followed in quick succession: *Pacific, Arctic, Persia, Russia, Scotia, City of Brussels, Baltic, City of Berlin, Germanic, Britannic, Arizona, Alaska, America, Oregon, Etruria, City of Paris, Teutonic, City of New York, Campania, Lucania, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* (first transatlantic Blue Riband liner to be fitted with radio transmitting and receiving gear), *Deutschland, Lusitania, Mauretania, Bremen, Normandie, Rex, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth*; all but ten of them wearing the old Red Duster. From an average speed of 10.56 knots in ten days, they were to lower the passage time to four days, three hours, twenty-eight minutes, average speed 30.31 knots; from 600 tons gross, 130 ft. long, 26 ft. beam, to 80,773 tons, 1,019½ ft. long, 118 ft. beam.

War came again to embattled Europe—but now many of the Big Ships had made their last voyage to the breaker's yards: *Mauretania, Majestic, Olympic, Homeric, Berengaria* and *Leviathan*, and sole survivor of those splendid pre-war days of Blue Riband fame was the very gallant *Aquitania*, a veteran of two world wars. Shipping was the key to Allied strategy—and the Nazi High Command knew it.

In the spring of 1940, two phantom-like grey-painted vessels set out to steam more than 950,000 miles—equal to thirty-eight round-the-world trips; between them the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* brought safely across the Seven Seas more than 1,250,000 fighting men of the United Nations. Then, after five years' war service, the thirty-one-year-old 45,600-ton Cunard-White Star liner *Aquitania* returned to her home port, Southampton, on September 3, 1945, with scores of thousands of miles recorded to her everlasting credit. With the others she was ready to go back on "The Ferry."

And now, there is to be no more building of Blue Riband monsters of *their* class; yet, in 1938-39 British experts were forecasting huge transatlantic greyhounds which would no longer pass *through* but *over* the seas,

Transatlantic Battle

almost skimming the water at a speed of approximately fifty miles an hour. And American designers and craftsmen were planning mammoths of 100,000 tons, capable of logging an average of thirty-five knots, to cross from New York to Southampton in less than three days. They still pay us a great compliment, do these Americans: "Our yards," they say, "are not yet progressive enough nor sufficiently versatile to compete with Britain's long experience in the Atlantic."

So, war ended, once again the sea battle of the Western Ocean begins! The United States Lines, outstanding rivals of Cunard-White Star, have made extensive plans for the resumption of the race for supremacy as soon as control of shipping by the United Maritime Authority ends on February 15 next. But now a newcomer enters the field, and shipping men predict a hard-fought contest between Sweden, Britain and America for domination of the seaborne transatlantic traffic, with Sweden leading for the first six months and holding the Blue Riband, perhaps, for one complete season. Then Britain will displace the newcomer with her Big Ships, and the United States will assume an importance which, though secondary to the old Red Duster, may in fact be greater than she has had for the past century . . . back to those memorable, bitter and tragic days of Dickens, Emerson and the steerage emigrants.

The record of the British Merchant Service is a soul-stirring chapter; it is a record which —*if Britain forgets it*—may well imperil our future in the North Atlantic. History relates few instances of sea power once lost being regained. And that, surely, is the vital message engraved on the hearts of our seamen who sleep forever beneath the Western Ocean!

The pictures of the two paddle-wheelers, "Great Western" and "Baltic," which accompany this article are reproduced by permission of The Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle Street, W.1.

END

Halibut Interlude (*Continued from page* 28)

live and to survive wasn't easily vanquished, fortunately, and she presently resumed her struggles, battling so furiously she managed, somehow or other, to wriggle free of the suction-cupped tentacles and she was loose again.

The halibut lost little time getting under way. Fed-up with depths and the fantastic creatures they spawned, she elevated her nose and started for the surface. Shark or no shark, that was where she wanted to be in the shortest possible space of time.

Up she surged, up through the layers of greens and mauves, blues and purples. Faster and faster she swam till the changing pressures forced her to moderate her speed and swim more circumspectly.

As a matter of fact, few inhabitants of the lower levels could emulate her and move from the high pressures of the ocean floor to the ordinary ones of the surface waters without a break. A horrible death lay in wait for those with closed swim-bladders who dared defy this law of diminishing pressures and break for the surface at top speed. Expanding faster than the blood could absorb it, the gas in their bladders would explode and blow them to pieces.

Levelling off a few feet under the surface, Hilda let herself drift. Everything, apparently, was exactly as she had left it twenty-four hours before. The sun was shining, the gulls still wheeled and circled in the brassy sky, and the same seal, or at least one very much like him, dozed in the water. Giving a halibut's definition of a sigh of contentment, Hilda settled herself more comfortably in the water. This, definitely, was her world, and this where she belonged. . . .

END

Brighton's Great Lady (*Continued from page* 29)

a certificate of the marriage (her "marriage lines") which both witnesses signed.

Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Roman Catholic and according to the Pope the marriage was valid. But under English law it was invalid for, by the Act of Settlement, the heir to the Throne could not marry a Roman Catholic. The marriage also infringed the Royal Marriage Act according to which the consent of the Sovereign was required while the Prince was under twenty-five—as he was at this time.

Mrs. Fitzherbert now took a house in St. James's Square, where the Prince visited her every day. As may be imagined London was all agog and seethed with rumours. A question was asked in Parliament as to whether the Prince was married and Fox emphatically denied this, obviously believing this at the time.

The Prince was deeply in debt and in order to economize he closed Carlton House and went to live at the Pavilion, Brighton. Mrs. Fitzherbert had a house close by. They attended the theatre together, the races, and all the festivities which made Brighton at that time the gayest town in England.

Whether or no the Royal Family believed in the marriage both the King and Queen were always extremely kind to Mrs. Fitzherbert, as were also the Royal Dukes, the Prince's brothers. The Duke of Clarence (afterwards William the Fourth), in particular remained her firm friend to the end of his life.

In 1794 the Prince fell a victim to the charms of Lady Jersey and quite suddenly broke off his relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert, though he continued to make her an allowance of £3,000 a year. The same year he agreed to marry Caroline of Brunswick. It is said that on his wedding day he sent her a message by the Duke of Clarence, saying, "Tell Mrs. Fitzherbert she is the only woman I shall ever love."

When his daughter Charlotte was born he made a will which he sent her leaving all his possessions to Mrs. (*Continued on page* 58)

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SPECIAL LAYER CAKE

CAKE MIXTURE : *4 oz. margarine, 3 oz. sugar (castor), 3 tablespoons dried egg, 1 rounded tablespoon golden syrup, 6 tablespoons water, 8 oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons orange squash, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.* BUTTER-CREAM: *1 oz. margarine, ½ oz. lard, 3 oz. icing sugar, few drops vanilla. Cream all together until very soft and smooth.*

Cream margarine and sugar together till very soft. Add egg (dry), beat well. Beat in syrup. Sift flour with salt, stir in about a third, add half the water, beat a little. Add flour and water alternately, keeping back 2 to 3 tablespoons flour. Stir soda into squash, add to mixture. Add remaining flour. Beat very little.

Turn into greased and floured tin about 5½ to 6 in. wide, bake 1¾ hours in moderate oven 365° to 375° F. (regulo 4). Turn on to cake rack, when cold cut into three layers. Spread first round with butter-cream flavoured vanilla; put second round on top spread this with plum, apricot or blackberry jam. Place third round on top. Makes 8 to 10 slices.

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Brighton's Great Lady

Fitzherbert (a will which she never attempted to prove), and giving orders that her miniature, which he always wore round his neck was to be buried with him. He then informed the Princess of Wales that he was leaving her, his intention being to return to Maria. But to this, Maria could not agree. The circumstances were entirely different; the Prince was now a married man. He thereupon threatened to make his marriage with her public, a proceeding which would have rendered her brother and uncle liable to a charge of felony for witnessing it. The Queen added her entreaties to her son's as she feared for his health, and after several years Mrs. Fitzherbert laid the case before the Pope, promising the Prince she would abide by his decision. On receiving the Pope's permission she consented to receive the Prince again in her house.

The next eight years were the happiest in both their lives. The Prince lived at the Pavilion and Mrs. Fitzherbert in a new house built for her in The Steine. She dined at the Pavilion every night, and the Prince would escort her home.

In 1798 Mrs. Fitzherbert took charge of little Minney Seymour, the daughter of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia Seymour, while her parents were abroad. On the death of both parents three years later she adopted the child, who lived with her till her marriage. The Prince adored Minney, who always called him "Prinney." He never forgot her birthday, writing to her and sending a present.

In 1811 the Prince, now Regent, fell for Lady Hertford, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, after an insult from him at a party at the Pavilion, finally left him. Minney remained his favourite, attending the parties at the Pavilion, but he and Maria never met again.

On the death of George the Fourth the new King William the Fourth begged Mrs. Fitzherbert to put her servants into mourning. He remained her good friend, as did also the Queen, and she used to dine with them at the Pavilion. The Duke of Wellington was another of her friends.

Her last years were spent in Brighton in the house in The Steine, from which she could see her husband's statue. Brighton treated her as Royalty, everyone rising at her entrance and addressing her as "Madame." Her charities in the town were many.

She is buried in St. John the Baptist's church, to the building of which she subscribed generously. The monument to her there is by Carew. The inscription on it is by her adopted daughter, Minney Dawson Damer, and is as follows.

"In a vault near this spot are deposited the remains of Maria Fitzherbert. She was born on the 26th of July, 1756, and expired at Brighton on the 27th of March, 1837. One to whom she was more than a parent has placed this monument to her revered and beloved memory as a humble though feeling tribute to her everlasting gratitude and affection. R.I.P."

The monument depicts her kneeling. Her left hand hangs by her side. On it are three wedding rings.

END

The Largest Jewel Ever Known

(*Continued from page* 32)

borrow money from a *Chetty* and hire me a strong guard. I must tell it in the bazaars that I do not have the stone."

So I went with him to the bazaars and he shouted his news like a town crier; and hungry men came and stared into his face in their high-held lantern light; and they frisked him as thoroughly as customs men search our smuggler suspects at our docks. And then Moung Daw went into the dingy native eating places to advertise his news afresh; and they frisked him a dozen times over; and baffled men looked at his belly and you could see the fierce thought in their eyes under the smoky kerosene lamps. But they muttered, "It was too big for him to have swallowed." And all Mogok agreed and said, "Yes, the fool has seen sense and has saved his life."

AND now consider the sheer Oriental dilatoriness of it all again. Moung Daw who liked to call himself Wilson was going to hire a guard. Certainly he was going to hire him a strong bodyguard.

I told him, "But when, chump?" and I quoted to him the great truth out of the Bible that my hyper-religious grandfather used to make me study till my natural revolt set in.

"*Though thou braize a fool with wheat in a mortar with a pestle still will his foolishness not depart from him.*"

He was not Stuart Wilson enough to understand it, so I elucidated. "Fathead, get your guard *now*. Before somebody gets a chance to twist your arm or what all else and make you talk."

And Moung Daw said, "Yes, yes. As soon as possible. But you understand, my friend" —he was now rich, this half-caste, and could call anybody his friend—"you understand that one must exercise care in selecting a guard that will remain honest against the bribes that will be offered."

And perhaps he was right in that last. But with so tempting a fortune within reach of bold men one cannot afford to be dilatory.

The fantastic news of the find had flashed its way to the riverfront; and immediately every river rat within hearing—before the later news of the burying came—started out for Mogok. One full hard day's travel by mule for any man who might not want his face to be recognized by some driver of the established car service.

A second dusk came around the clock; and with it some of these newcomers from down-river.

And any man with predatory ideas who was not desirous of being recognized was certainly not going about asking too interested questions such as might bring out the later news of the burying. Such a man would ask as little as necessary.

So the inevitable happened.

With the first darkness, when the "lucky chap" was on his way home, a little woozy from all the hospitality of all his new friends, a knife flew from a shadow!

Moung Daw didn't even let out a yelp. Nobody heard a thing. Nobody knew a thing about it. Somebody found him the following morning.

The thrower's knife was embedded under his ear; his clothing had been ripped from him in a hurried search.

And his fabulous jewel was buried!

A blazing blue meteor, it had flashed into the world, lasted less then forty-eight hours, then blinked out into the darkness!

All of Mogok went mad. All digging stopped. Swarms of men scrabbled through the whole surrounding landscape to hunt for buried treasure. We took Moung Daw's bamboo hut apart, we split the thick canes to toothpicks. We went through the thatch with a comb. Frantic men bailed out his outhouse. We dug up every inch of a hundred yards all around the hut. We dug up every place he had ever been known to go. All the magicians and fortune tellers in the district came and cast their spells and sacrificed goats and burned things that stank with acrid smoke.

And nobody ever found a trace or a hint of anything!

Somewhere, under some stone, or at the roots of some tree that offered a distinguishing mark for Moung Daw alone, in some utterly innocent and unsuspected spot, the largest gem in the world's history remains buried still.

And I'll bet, if ever an earthbound ghost haunted a spot, the grim shade of Moung Daw mourns over his jungle safe.

Some day, perhaps, the gods will give to some devout person the luck to stumble upon it. And if that person does not go mad he may live to profit by it.

END

She knows what she owes to **Wolsey** *sheer hose*

The old and the new

BRAMBLE

Mummy's got a present, too — a New Year Resolution in practical form! Another pair of VANI-TRED for the year to come. How much this year that's passing she's appreciated that hidden feature — unique to VANI-TRED — that hidden feature which by spreading the weight of the body over the whole foot gives a poise, a balance, a comfort which has to be experienced to be believed.

VANI-TRED

Balanced walking shoes

Two Artists

(*Continued from page* 19)

He put his head down into it and swung up the road towards the "White Bull."

It was early and there was no one in the bar. He ordered a double whisky, drank it, and ordered another.

Bessie, the barmaid, looked at him curiously and sympathetically. The village knew about Tom Lingyard's trouble and guessed Lily's. He drank two more whiskies and sucked at an empty pipe. He sat in a shadowed corner of the bar. His mind chased itself round and round. Lily as a little girl, Lily's mother. . . . He'd courted her on those very sand dunes where, no doubt, Lily. . . . He found his eyes full of tears and wiped them away with his handkerchief.

Lily was young and lovely and warm blooded. And the same could be said for Tom. Perhaps he had had his lesson. Perhaps he would go straight, now. You shouldn't judge people. People in distress. . . . .And Lily's child. You couldn't judge that. If it were given a decent chance it might prevent something of the same sort happening all over again. Lily and Tom might build up a happy home for it, if they got out of this mess. There were all sorts of artistry. Building a home was one of them. It wasn't all music and painting and . . . clocks.

Lily was his girl. She thought she knew what would make her happy. The other road was certain misery, whichever way you looked at it! He was her father. There was no one else to help her. . . .

He swayed up to the bar and they made way for him, in a kindly sort of silence. As it seemed to him, he was thinking clearly now, and everything appeared to be made plain. He must help Lily somehow or other, of course he must! Nice sort of end to his attempt to make a home to leave things like this! Like painting a picture and leaving it a mess, or taking a clock to pieces and . . .

He ordered another drink, swallowed it and left the bar.

The one thing that mattered to him now was to get Lily out of her trouble. In the cottage, he could not find her in the kitchen and he went up into her room. She was lying motionless, face downwards on her bed. He touched her on the shoulder and said:—

"Come downstairs!"

She could smell the whisky on his breath. There were tears still standing in his eyes. She found herself despising him, but she noticed that he no longer looked angry. He went out, shutting the door gently behind him. After a moment or two she followed him into the workroom. The tears were running unashamedly down his cheeks. "You must have your chance," she heard him saying, in a husky voice. "You and your child—and it's father, too, I suppose. Has he any plans?"

She answered him slowly.

"If we had some money," she said, "Tom has a friend, down the coast, who knows about this. His boat——"

H cut her short.

" ou shall have what I've got," he said, and opened the door of the safe.

She watched him as he opened a drawer at the back and stripped it of notes and silver. She knew that he was giving her all he had. She felt a quick stab of remorse but this was swept away on a flood of realization that this meant that Tom was safe.

Her father had his back to her, counting out the notes on the table.

"Eighteen pounds," he said. "I wish I had got more."

She stood behind him. Eighteen pounds would get them away, but what then? And suddenly she saw the French clock standing in the safe. Her father had said it was worth three hundred pounds, and he knew about these things. With three hundred pounds she and Tom could start something. . . . She was not by nature dishonest, but Tom was everything. Nothing else mattered to her.

She picked up the clock quickly and held it behind her back. She closed the door of the safe, silently.

Her father was slumped down at the table. He suddenly felt very tired and sleepy. He roused himself and gave her the money.

"Good luck," he said. "Your mother would have wanted me to . . ."

He did not finish the sentence, but sat back and closed his eyes. He felt all of a sudden content and happy. He had done his best. She murmured, "Thank you," and kissed the top of his head, Judas like. Then she tiptoed from the room.

Edward Yarde roused himself sufficiently to put out a hand and test the safe door. Then he slept.

He woke in the early morning and the events of yesterday rushed back at him. He went into the kitchen. A note lay on the table addressed to him in Lily's handwriting.

He picked it up and stared at the envelope for some time. Somehow he had not realized that she would be gone during the night. But, of course she would. They had to get away. He was a man of pride, and he felt now a prick of shame that his daughter had had to leave the house to escape from the police. Yet he was convinced that he had done the right thing. You couldn't let your own blood down.

He opened the envelope slowly, and unfolded the note. It was a strange message that he read.

"I love him so much. And I know he loves me. You have made it possible for us to be happy. I thought you were too stuffy to understand. I *do* thank you, though it was the whisky a bit, wasn't it? But, even so, it was your real self coming out, I know. You have always been good to me. But I know that you will never forgive me. Tom and I must have something to start fair on. Well, I know you'd like to think that there was something solid about it all. Only, you can't start on nothing and, though I suppose you won't believe it, I'd got the kid in my mind, too. Well, that's why I took the clock."

He read the last sentence through several times. At first it meant nothing to him at all. It just seemed a row of words. Taken the clock? It didn't make sense. What clock and why? And then, as it were, from a great distance, he heard an echo of his own voice. "It's worth about three hundred pounds!"

The note dropped from his fingers and circled to the floor. Two minutes later he was staring into the safe.

He closed it carefully and came back into the room.

He could hear, quite distinctly, Lady Croyle's voice saying to him:—

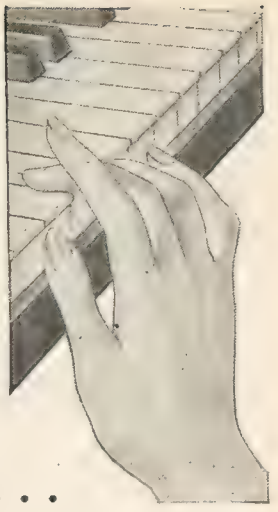
"I don't know whether I ought to trust you with this. . . ."

She had meant the repairs, of course, but now.

He wondered whether he would have treated Lily as he had, if he had not gone to the "White Bull" and got drunk. Yet now, when he was more than sober, he could convince himself that he had done what was right. Now she had to be branded as a thief, as well as a runaway daughter. In a sort of dream, he went round the cottage, unbolting doors and lighting a fire in the kitchen range. He played with the idea of going back to the "White Bull" when they opened and drinking himself insensible. He abandoned that idea almost at once. Every one would know that Lily and Tom were gone. They would all be gossiping about it. He couldn't face that. And the police would be coming to ask him questions.

The local constable did come and was sympathetic. Edward Yarde said that he knew nothing. His daughter had gone off during the night and he supposed that she had gone off with Tom Lingyard. No. He knew nothing about Tom Lingyard being "wanted." He knew, of course, that his daughter was in love with the man.

The policeman, a family man of many sympathies, who knew Edward Yarde to be what he called a "good egg," expressed his sympathy and went his way. What he actually thought, (*Continued on page* 62)



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Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

having been told by several observers that the man had been phenomenally and very unusually drunk the night before, he locked up under his tunic. Edward Yarde might be an eccentric little bloke, but he was not the sort to be hunted about and made wretched. As for the escape of Tom Lingyard, that was no bad thing and might save a good deal of trouble in the village in the future.

Edward Yarde sat in his cottage and waited for the coming of Lady Croyle. She kept him waiting three torturing days. When he heard the brakes of the Austin he straightened his shoulders and brushed back the remaining hairs on his temples.

At last, after three days, he knew what he was going to say. After that, the deluge.

"Well, Mr. Yarde," said Lady Croyle. "What about the clock?"

He took a deep breath.

"My daughter had to go abroad suddenly," he said, "and I had no money. I gave it to her!"

Lily's honour must come before his own. After all, the rest of his life didn't matter very much. Emmie, his wife, wherever she might be now, would be applauding him. He was quite certain of that. Lady Croyle made no answer at all. He looked up at her, hoping that she would send for the constable and have done with it. He was surprised to see that she was smiling.

"I'm sorry to contradict you, Mr. Yarde," she said, "but you did nothing of the sort!"

"I tell you, I did!" he gasped.

"Oh, no!" she replied.

"How can you know?" he asked, bewildered.

"Because I am a more than ordinary pianist," she answered.

He made no sense out of that. He flung open the door of the safe.

"You can see," he cried excitedly. "It's gone!"

"Yes," said Lady Croyle, "I can see that it is gone. But you did not give it away. We are both artists in our own way, you know. You fell in love with that clock. You may have hidden it somewhere so that you can take it out and look at it, but you never gave it away!"

He felt defeated. The ready tears welled up in his eyes.

Julia Croyle, who was a lady quite apart from her title, turned away and looked out of the window. She let some moments go by before she spoke again. And she still had her back to him, then:—

"We live in a small place, Mr. Yarde," she said, "where everybody knows everything about every one else. That has its disadvantages, but it has its advantages, too. I know all about Lily and about Tom Lingyard. My husband is a magistrate, you know. And I think I know just what happened about the clock!"

Edward Yarde raised his head.

"You're right about the clock," he said. "I couldn't have stolen it for any one else except myself. But——"

"She took the thing, of course," said Lady Croyle. "She's in love with a rogue and she'll make a rogue of herself for his sake. It sounds awful, but it's the way of the world. If the old clock starts them off making a proper picture of things, it will have done a great deal more good than it would have done ticking away and telling every one that they're not so young as they were!"

Edward Yarde felt confused.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you're not going to do anything about it?"

She smiled.

"Nothing," she replied.

"But why?"

"Because, my dear man, you and I, in our own way, are artists. And life is an art. We would both like to see a new life start off well. This one may. And that, I think is all!"

He stared at her, his mouth a little open.

"But—but, Sir Philip——" he began.

"Sir Philip," she replied, "will never know. He is a magistrate, not an artist!"

"I don't know how I can thank you," he stammered, but she brushed past him to the door before he could open it for her.

"We don't thank each other," she said in her harsh voice. "And, by the way, I have an old Cromwellian clock that's a bit dicky. I'll bring it down when next I'm through."

The door closed behind her and the Austin repeated its death rattle. The man sat very still. She had not lost faith in him. She was going to bring him the Cromwellian clock. It was all very wonderful. In the evening he went boldly round to the "White Bull" and had a single whisky and soda. He seemed perfectly cheerful. Those in the bar thought it quite astonishing, considering all things!

END

On Duty and Off

(*Continued from page* 41)

blackheads, relaxed muscles, double chin, deep facial lines, greasy, dry and sallow skins, etc. Face massage: French, American and Viennese methods. Application of masks and packs and make-up. Care of the eyes: special eye treatments. Care of the hands: manicure, beautifying and remedial treatment. Care of the feet: pedicure. All electrical treatments in general use in beauty salons. Salesmanship and business organization of a beauty salon. Slimming treatments. Cosmetic chemistry.

ON DUTY

"You look almost indecently well," I remarked to one of our out-patient nurses who had just come on duty after ten days' holiday. She grinned at me and admitted that she felt fine. Then as we "scrubbed-up" together at the sink she said boastfully: "Just look what ten days away from scrubbing-up and disinfectants has done for my hands."

It was, indeed, remarkable how much her hands had improved, and looking at them reminded me of the thousands of utility wartime hands that will need reconverting to peace-time elegance. Wartime hands are inclined to be rough and red, and certain kinds of war work have produced an ugly crop of ragged cuticles and delicate nails which break and flake at the slightest provocation, and often for apparently no reason at all.

There is an expert in Bond Street who specializes in curative treatment for hands and nails, and if your hands are in a bad state it is well worth while making an appointment for consultation, which costs 10s. 6d. and investing a few pounds in a course of treatments. She charges 10s. 6d. each treatment or 5 guineas for a course of twelve.

There are a great many reasons why so many nails are breaking in these days. For instance, if your war work has made you come in contact with disinfectants, strong lotions, strong soaps and soda, or your hands have been continually in hard water, your nails are likely to have become brittle. Shock and general debility will also affect the nails, and careless manicure, which includes digging into the cuticles, will make the nails grow ridged.

Tatty and overgrown cuticles are often a sign of acidity, rheumatism or bad circulation. They may also be the result of a bad manicure which includes cutting or clipping the cuticles. Rough pushing back with a steel manicure instrument is likely to inflame and damage the embryo nail, and any work which tends to dry the nail will also dry the cuticles.

For women who have not the time or the opportunity for salon treatment, there is a home treatment set which includes a special nail ointment, hand cream, hand lotion and complete chart. This costs 10s. plus postage. You can also get a soap and water substitute which looks like cold cream and is excellent for reconditioning work-roughened hands. The price is 4s. 3d., also, of course, plus postage.

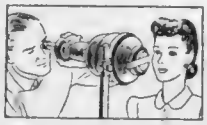
END

Does even one woman in ten use the right Face Powder shade?

Evolving a non-detectable shade for every type of skin by means of the colourscope

IT'S curious how hardly one woman in ten seems to use the right face powder shade for her complexion type.

This used to be more or less unavoidable, because face powder shades were made without a scientific knowledge of skin tones. Then, to find out which tints made up each complexion type, Pond's analysed the complexions of hundreds of lovely girls under the colourscope—a scientific shade-detector. Through this analysis they evolved five shades—Natural, Rachel 2, Peach, Apricot, and Suntan—which blend so perfectly with their corresponding complexion types that they are *non-detectable* on the skin.



The colourscope, which was used to analyse all types of skin before Pond's blended their face powder shades

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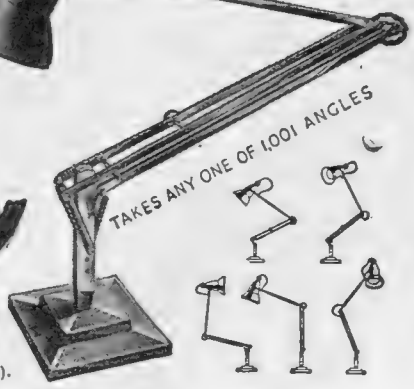

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Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the surest way of purifying and cleansing the skin.
204 Of all Chemists and Stores
Cuticura
SOAP
FOR BABY

Books

(*Continued from page* 43)

a break, we have buckled-to immediately in an effort to fashion a better world for posterity.

In all the welter of reconstruction now under weigh, none is more vital to the national welfare than that affecting agriculture. **"Agriculture Today and Tomorrow"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), is a timely contribution to such work. This important book, which is edited and introduced by Sir John Russell, comprises a series of addresses given to the Royal Society of Arts by leading authorities on various aspects of agriculture. He has drawn on an eminent panel of contributors who deal authoritatively with many important and interesting facets of the problem confronting those whose task it is to evolve the methods by which the lasting prosperity of British agriculture may be assured.

NOW for a novel. **"Averil"** by Horace Annesley Vachell (Cassell & Co., 8s. 6d.) is the novel par excellence. It has a perfectly adequate plot; sure characterization with a striking central figure; its emotional values ring true and it is very modern in treatment.

It is based on a theme which demanded delicacy of presentation, and Mr. Vachell has done it perfectly.

With deep insight into the characters of the young and beautiful Averil, a servant in the house of Skene, the middle-aged artist, and with an unaffected straightforwardness when dealing with the inevitable result of their mutual desire and ample opportunity to surrender to it, Mr. Vachell succeeds in making the reader feel deeply for both of them—but especially for Skene for whom there is added perplexity in his fear lest their liaison should distress his aged and frail mother to whom he is devoted.

And later, there comes the torture of jealousy and misunderstanding, bred of her beauty and the disparity in their ages. This too, Mr. Vachell treats with artistry and sincerity. But I hope he will forgive me if I remark parenthetically, that there are moments when I felt his book might almost have been called "Forever Averil"!

ANTHONY SHERLEY, in his "Persian Adventure," written in 1601, said of Corfu: "A Greekish Isle, and the most pleasant place that ever our eyes beheld for the exercise of solitary and contemplative life . . . the place where we ourselves would wish to end our lives." Lawrence Durrell, in his **"Prospero's Cell"** (Faber & Faber, 10s.6d.), echoes this sentiment. Mr. Durrell's book is in part a guide to the island and partly a diary of his years of residence there.

The reader will find the author's expert knowledge of what to eat and drink on the island (and how to ask for it) as well as some charming pen-pictures of town and country life there, while he also deals intimately with the lives of a few other "residential aliens" and their native friends. This is an unusual and gracious book.

THE author of the successful "The Greatest of These," Molly Seymour, has given us a new novel—if not a very new idea—in **"For So Long As It Lasts"** (Hutchinson & Co., 9s.).

It is a shrewdly written book with many highly individual touches and deals with a problem all too common in wartime. Eileen Preston, a successful "career" girl, after spending some time in play, suddenly falls in love with an American war reporter who is already married.

Not a notably original situation, but Miss Seymour handles it with distinction and, setting it against a background of lighter life in wartime London, succeeds in making of it an eminently readable story.

A DIFFERENT kind of thing altogether is Elizabeth Gorell's **"Haphazard"** (Hutchinson & Co., 7s. 6d.).

"Snatches of remembrance; a flash or two of fancy; some imaginations; a few truths and a few stories," is the author's own description in her Foreword to this personal literary scrap-book.

There are moments when Miss Gorell's style reminds one of Jan Struther's exquisitely written "Mrs. Miniver"—I refer to the book, not the film. I wonder which you will like more—her prose or her verse? I am still undecided which I preferred.

I recommend most, but not all, of this book. "The Next Tenant" is an exciting ghost story; "The Feather Ship" is charming; but in "The Ship of State" I found it hard to believe that any normal little boy in a paroxysm of anxiety would cry to his mother ". . . make them be safe, oh do make them be safe, I *pray* you!"

This struck me as being a false note, but of course I may be wrong. Anyway, you will I am sure, enjoy "Haphazard" as much as I did—and that means you will keep it to re-read.

JOHN BROPHY'S **"The Human Face"** (Harrap, 15s. 0d.) combines erudition with clarity of expression—an all-too-rare partnership these days. The author tells us early on in his book that he has spent nearly fifteen years on its preparation; his time has not been wasted, for he has given us a study which must rank high in the literature of Physiognomy.

The book contains twenty-three illustrations by famous artists, medieval and modern and is all the more readable because Mr. Brophy's sense of humour is never absent from his pen for very long.

FINALLY this month, we come to Winifred Peck's sensitively-wrought novel, **"There Is a Fortress"** (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). This book is a real gem and assuredly will win a place of honour on many bookshelves.

Miranda is an unforgettable character, brave, pathetic, harassed, kindly—utterly human. John, her unromantic husband, solicitous, kind, responsible, prudent, slogging—completely convincing. Their life, between the wars and through the war just ended; their joys, their fears and the love of their children; the dangers they face and overcome together and Miranda's perpetual struggle to make something truly permanent of their lives amidst all the impermanence around her—this is told with placid sincerity and with endearing charm.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"The Demon Bowler" by Norman Percival (Skeffington, 5s.). A series of light and chatty talks in a "breezy" man-to-man style, which will appeal to schoolboys of all ages.

"Take a Look at Yourself" by John Homer Miller (Skeffington, 8s. 6d.). By its own intrinsic worth this readable and helpful book will meet the need of many people, and by this means they can gain an inspiration for living.

"One Foot on Shore," by Roy Ettwell (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A first novel which will give the reader a fresh insight into the lives of young people caught up in the turmoil of war and the complexities of modern times.

"The Old Superb," by Vera Wheatley (Stanley Paul, 9s.). The story of a courageous woman and of the people with whom she lives and works. Excellently told with quiet humour, worldly wisdom and forthright and realistic characterization.

"Bungles," by Leonora Starr (Herbert Jenkins, 8s. 6d.). A diary of a woman of forty.

"By Air to Battle," (H.M. Stationery Office, 1s.). The official account of The British First and Sixth Airborne Divisions.

END

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I've certainly got more money sense since I opened a banking account. Why don't you see the local Manager about it?

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H 1

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How strange it will seem that once mothers, harassed by unending housework, had no time to spare for eager minds. In post-war homes kept clean and bright by H.M.V labour-saving electric appliances mothers will find more leisure to enjoy the company of their children.

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By effectively correcting acidity, 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Sequins and Wool

(*Continued from page 44*)

Work on the last set of 65 sts., casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row and inc. 1 st. every 8th row of the sleeve edge until 31 sts. Work until the same length as for the front and 34 sts. on needle.

Shape shoulder as for the back.

Join wool at the neck edge of the remaining 65 sts. and work to correspond.

Bands for the neck and sleeves. Worked on No. 13 needles.

NECK BAND

Cast on 8 sts. rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 28 ins. Cast off.

SLEEVE BANDS

Cast on 8 sts. rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 14 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press back and front with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shoulder seams. Sew up the side seams to where the increasing begins for the sleeves. Sew on the neck band stretching the band and easing the neck shaping into it. Sew on sleeve bands. Press all seams. Sew a line of sequins round the front of the neck. Sew on sequin trimming over the shoulder.

Note.—Packets of sequins may be used instead of the trimming. These can be stitched on the shoulders in lines.

END

Cosy Bed Jacket

(*Continued from page 44*)

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next armhole end row. Now continue in st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.) for 1 in., *at the same time* dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 24 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

THE BACK

Cast on 120 sts. Work in patt. as for the front, omitting borders, until 6½ ins. from the cast-on edge (ending on the 4th row of patt.).

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of the next 8 rows. Continue without further shaping until armhole measures the same as for the front. Work 1 in. st.st.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

SLEEVES

Cast on 60 sts. Work in patt. (omitting border). Work 4 rows. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 76 sts. Work without further shaping until 5 ins. from the cast-on edge (ending on the 4th row of patt.).

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Work 4 rows on these 40 sts. (ending on the 4th row of patt.).

Next row.—K. 1, * k. 3 tog.; rep. from * to end. Cast off tightly.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 4 rows.

Next row.—Rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3.

Next row.—Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3. Continue in ribbing for 13 ins., making a slot every 4th row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck ribbing. Press stocking-stitch yoke and neck band. Thread in ribbon through slots in neck ribbing.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; sl. = slip; inc = increase; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; ins. = inches.

END

Christmas under Marlborough

(*Continued from page 15*)

meant several days in a so-called "yacht" bound for the mouth of the Scheldt, whence over to Tilbury according to the wind—it might take forty-eight hours—and on by post to Charing Cross.

Not all officers made the double journey safely; their "yachts" would be waylaid, and themselves held to ransom, not always forthcoming. But when Marlborough himself was seized in his "yacht," while going to join his Sarah for the Christmas of 1702, he first tried to pose as his brother, General Churchill, and when that failed to deceive the free-booting chief, a renegade regular named Firebrace, the Churchill gold had to be called in to do the trick.

So much for the boon of boons to an occupying army: at Christmas time Marlborough's men had to find a substitute for furlough, and that's why they took every step to shepherd in the seasonable convoy.

Avaunt the biscuits and bread wagons of the day of battle! Here was time for robustious breakaway, for geese and pig roasting on the spit, for flagons brought by serving wenches whose buttocks compelled smack after smack. Those who recollect the carousal scene from the *Kermesse Héroique*, have it all: the fiddlers and bagpipes, the rough "hops," the bawling of ballads, the oathing, the set-to's, the scurries and the half-nelson embraces across tables and sideboards. For that matter, this aspect hardly differed from kindred occasions thirty years ago at Poperinghe, except for the absence of tobacco smoke. Marlborough's men chewed it.

But what of religious celebration, you may ask. Well, these greasy, ringleted, sweaty fellows had their Bibles (or some had) and they listened to readings and intoned hymns, but church parades were not compulsory in the days of Anne, when Restoration license knew a mild come-back as an offset to William of Orange and his Mary. So, once the day-to-day routine of winter quarters had been laid aside—the strengthening of defences, fire-power exercises, and the marching to keep in shape after excess—once these stand-bys designed to occupy the days and weeks of truce were temporarily laid aside, little remained but the coarser pleasures from which our self-constituted moral improvers turn to this day in pained—and pale—nausea.

Yes, Christmas under Marlborough meant drinking and gambling and womanizing. And roared choruses with the tang of personality and past campaigns, round blazing log fires, wenches on their knees, mugs raised.

Sounds of rude revelry by night and day, only moderating when the brandy gave out, leaving the less inflaming though still strong wine, usually of Madeira category. So it used to be with another Army of the Rhine at Christmas time. And who shall say that its lot was less desirable, for all the inequality and penny-pay, than that of a successor worrying about houses and jobs, wives, demobbing and atomic bombs, not to mention the guarding of Jerries from D.P.s, the guarding of darn near everything up and down the zone? Odds blood! Marlborough's men didn't even have to guard their language.

END

For good curry use a good Curry Powder. To make: Melt 1 oz. dripping in a pan. Add chopped onion; fry till brown. Add tablespoon Goodall's Curry Powder, mix well Cut up ½ lb. left-over meat, fry for 3 mins. Add teacupful of meat stock, cook slowly for 25 mins., stir well. Season. Throw rice into rapidly-boiling salted water, boil for 12 mins., stirring all the time. Add a breakfastcup of cold water, bring to boil again. Drain and dry in oven.

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CURRY POWDER 21

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Cephos REG^{D}

Pronounced See-foss THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cephos Ltd., Blackburn

Now We Eat . . .

(*Continued from page* 13)

white, and to make sugar plantwise from air and water we would have to change from our present compact structure and shape, which exposes only about six square feet to the light, to an attenuated web possibly three hundred square feet big."

I said: "You mean, in order to get my food directly instead of indirectly, I would have to become a sort of giant fern frond?"

"I think you grasp my approximate meaning," said the nutritional expert.

I told him that I preferred to sit out of the sun and eat steak, though it was a long way to come, from London to Dublin, for my meat proteins.

All the same, I could see that from his specialized viewpoint it would greatly simplify contemporary world problems if man could obtain his nourishment more simply. As an Allied Control officer in Italy, he had been brought hard up against food problems in their more complex forms. He explained the relationship between potatoes, wheat, olive oil, and turkeys. Too intricate to repeat; but you may get the gist of it when I remind you that if Italy were functioning normally on the food front, all our home Xmas tables could be pretty certain of turkey, Italy being the main pre-war supplier of turkeys to Britain at this season.

As it is, for millions of people the first peace-time Christmas since 1938 must be also the most austere, not because money is lacking, but because food is scarce. For millions more, in European countries, the great traditional feast of the Christian era will bring no amplification of diet at all. It will remain within the range from inadequate to slow starvation.

In the perspective of history, this doesn't mean much. Indeed, if you read history in terms of nutrition instead of kings, dates, and battles, it's a tale of alternating famine and feast. In a famine the weak die, the strong survive. A nation doesn't die; it can emerge hardier than before. Look at Russia. In the twenties she had a famine which killed several millions and was world news. Nansen came to London appealing for funds: Oswald Mosley and his first wife decorated his platform (Mosley hadn't climbed on the fascist band-wagon then). Famine didn't harm Russia much. Nutritionists will tell you that in normal times, with what they view as a full ordinary diet, great numbers of people suffer, and die, as a result of faulty nutrition.

The Rockefeller Institute research worker, Dr. Heiser, studied two contrasting groups in India: one, stalwart and disease-free; the other, under-sized and disease-ridden. The first group nourished themselves on wholewheat flour, unleavened bread, butter, legume, raw carrot, cabbage, milk, with a little raw meat, and abundance of water. The second group's diet consisted mainly of cereal grains and vegetable fats, with little butter or milk or fresh vegetables.

On the first diet the scientist raised several tribes of small animals to an age equivalent to a human being's fifty years, disease-free. On the second diet, the same animals developed thirty-nine different diseases and pathological conditions, affecting chest, blood, eye, skin, glands, nerves, heart, stomach, ear, lungs and teeth.

It just shows you.

IN the last few years scientific workers have uncovered layer after layer of the mysteries which surround food and life. They have measured food in terms of life force. Now we know that a normally active Western man needs about 4,000 calories to keep alive and functioning. If his is a very strenuous life—if he's a coalminer or a paratrooper—he needs nearer 4,500 calories. If he's doing desk work, with some gardening, golf, and walking, he can get along on 3,600 calories. In bed, doing nothing, not even thinking much, he needs no more than 1,700 calories. That total of food energy units will keep his lungs sucking in air and expelling it after extracting its oxygen and disposing of its carbon dioxide,

How to prepare strained vegetables

when you can't get Brand's Baby Foods

No. 2. SPINACH

1 Be sure to remove the stalks from the spinach and wash each leaf carefully in several waters, until free from all grit. Put into saucepan without water.

2 Cook over a moderate heat in a closely covered pan for about 15 minutes (young summer spinach takes about 10 minutes), shaking and stirring occasionally. When cooked, drain and press through a sieve.

3 Start baby on strained vegetables during the 5th month — a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed. In the 6th month, the two o'clock feed should consist entirely of vegetables with milk afterwards.

Mothers welcome Brand's Baby Foods, because they are the best thing baby can have for his first solid food. Unfortunately, the demand exceeds the supply, so your chemist or grocer may occasionally be out of stock.

Cut out this recipe for future reference.

BRAND'S BABY FOODS prepared by the makers of Brand's Essence of Chicken

Strained Carrots, Spinach, Prunes, also Bone and Vegetable Broth. 7½d. a bottle.

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will keep his heart pumping blood through his arteries, will keep all his marvellous mechanisms working to keep him a living organism.

We know that to maintain health a man needs more than protein, fats and carbohydrates, in certain quantities. He must get those substances from a balanced diet. Fifteen per cent of the necessary calories should come from protein foods: meat, cheese, bacon, fish, one or two vegetables like peas and soya beans. Fat—that's butter, cheese, bacon, milk, meat fats—should supply 35 per cent. The balance, 50 per cent, should come from carbohydrates: bread, jam, vegetables, cereals, sugar, cake, fruits dried and fresh.

All that, apart from the vitamins and minerals needed by the organs: vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C, D, and the nicotinic acid contained in meat, offals and fish—without that acid the body cells can't utilize the sugars, and you develop the serious disease known as pellagra.

We know that every day the body needs 0.68 grammes of calcium, 1.32 grammes of phosphorus, and 0.015 grammes of iron; but that food containing the minimum dosage of those minerals is insufficient because digestions can utilize only half the mineral content in food.

We know that there is no special nutritional value in raisins, that onions have a very low nutritional value, and that tea leaves have no nutritional value at all—the caffein in tea has a stimulant action on the higher brain centres, but caffein is a drug, not a food.

Yet with all this and much more abstruse knowledge, we are not much better off than the primitive folk who didn't know a vitamin from a veal stew. Indeed, some scientists hold that we are worse off. They say that half the diseases of civilization are due to its dietetic errors, blaming especially over-eating of white flour and breads and margarine, and under-eating of butter, fish, eggs, fruit, milk. They say that commercial handling of food robs it of much of its combinations of minerals and other substances needed to nourish the various organs. They say that food comes to us too low in content of fat soluble vitamins, resulting in a generally lowered defence against infection of all kinds.

Over-eating is probably the oldest of organized human pleasures. It may have been a biological necessity long before Ecclesiastes elevated it into a philosophical maxim: "A man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry." The early tribes made any event an excuse for a feast: it might be a good harvest, or bad weather, a birth, or a death (the Irish still enjoy a good "wake"). The old Greeks reached the point where they had more feast than work days. The Greek Church—linking itself to the happy pagan past—to-day has more feasts than the Catholic Church, which has over two dozen. The Coptic Church makes do with eleven. The Buddhists began by having none, but had to yield, and now have three.

Christ observed the Jewish feast days, which related to the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. The schedule contained no feast approximating to Christmas. Augustine is silent on that subject. Christmas clearly came late into the feast list. Turkeys, plum-puddings and Santa Claus, are exotic additions. Crackers are an old Chinese custom, borrowed to help the fun.

But we have almost forgotten how to feast. The Lord Mayor's traditional banquet is a pale reflection of the gargantuan gorge it once was. Moscow is the only spot left in Europe where banquets on the old robust barbaric scale are served unashamedly by the head men to their foreign guests. No more are we regaled with epicurean curiosities, like Maincave's beef stewed in kümmel, and sardines served on a slice of camembert, designed to tempt jaded appetites.

Maincave's peculiar concoctions I always thought twanged like sour notes in the gastronomic symphony. Still, one misses the great gusts of gastronomic music: the barons of beef served by the lord to his villagers, along with hogsheads of strong brown ale; the roast swans stuffed with plums, the great bowls of heady punch, the old port drunk not by the glass but at the rate of a dozen bottles between six at dinner, the champagne in twin bottles, "every man his own butler." No one in living memory has devised a good new drink, like Bismarck's mixture of stout and champagne; and Montgomery's mild tea is uncolourful besides Frederick's coffee, in which champagne substituted for water, with mustard added to impart piquancy.

Our shrunken stomachs anyway would force us to go into training before we could feast as our forebears did, or even get through such a *table d'hôte* as they used to serve at the Restaurant Royal in the Hague: nine courses running from cantaloup, *hors d'œuvre*, soup and fish, down to fruits and preserves, with the soup tureen set down by your plate for refills, the fish a salmon steak large enough for wholemeal portions for four in to-day's luxury restaurant, and a whole roast duckling served in addition to meat. En route for Dublin I had reflected on such dinners, and recalled nostalgically the gastronomic wonders of the old Hotel Meissl and Schadn in Vienna, Alfredo's in Rome, Madrid's Casa Moran, the Relaid de la Belle Aurore in Paris, even the pre-war Savoy Grill.

Now We Eat . . .

I thought of a little lunch-of-celebration I had with a man and a woman at Claridge's that fatal day of Chamberlain's flight to Munich. There were Colchester oysters, soup, sole, a roast grouse apiece, crepes Suzette, a savoury, a couple of bottles of Bollinger. I I could take that in quite comfortably. Now, although there was no limit to what I could eat, I found that I wanted only one thing, with a starter and finisher: oysters, a fillet steak, one of the several cheese offerings; smoked salmon, a partridge, a pear Melba; a lobster cocktail, a double cutlet, a coupe Jacques; *hors d'œuvre*, half a cold chicken with a roll of thick pink ham, raspberries on a bed of ice-cream and crowned with fresh cream. After lunching and dining thus, I wanted neither the four-course Hibernian breakfast, nor even a dish of sausage and bacon, or bacon and eggs; and in fact I breakfasted daily on tea and a slice of toast and marmalade.

I felt I was over-eating. But an old-time gourmet, as my host, would have protested at my abstinence. Louis XIV would often consume for dinner four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plate of salad, mutton au jus, two large slices of ham, a plateful of pastry, and top off with fruit and hard-boiled eggs.

One night the Comte de Vieil-Castel waded through this lot: game soup, with Tokay; carps' roe, with sherry; quails; trout, with Johannisberger; roast pheasant stuffed with ortolans; a pyramid of truffles, with Clos Vouguet 1819; a compôte of fruit, with liqueurs; a maraschino sobet; Stilton cheese, with iced Marsala; grapes, with Cyprus wine.

That's pretty good going. But Diamond Jim Brady, one of the spectacular figures in the heyday of American industrialism, rugged-individualism brand, would have shrugged it off as "sissy." After a busy day in his office and on his business rounds, he would proceed to his favourite bar and in company with a few friends proceed to down a couple of bottles of champagne, with three dozen large oysters, a couple of lobsters, some handfuls of outsize prawns, half a dozen slices of smoked salmon, with tomatoes, lettuce and bread and butter on the side. Having tickled his appetite thus, James would go on to his restaurant for a square meal. Immense porterhouse steaks, half a roast goose, six pork chops, provided only the main dish of six or seven, consumed between the soup and the savoury. Brady died in his early fifties. He ate himself to death.

There are, perhaps, worse ways of dying.

END

The Authentic Shudder

(*Continued from page* 42)

Englishwomen, who found themselves back in the eighteenth century while visiting Versailles' Petit Trianon for the first time.

The famous haunted house in Berkeley Square (blitzed in 1941 and battle-scarred, but still standing and occupied) has no well-defined story to explain its hauntings but a long tradition of terror. It would seem that, on several occasions, the occupants of a certain bedroom were found dying in convulsive fits of fear, until the reputation of the house became such that it was difficult to let or to sell. All this is "far away and long ago"; no trace of haunting lingers yet but the house was actually for many years a subject of discussion and an objective for sightseers.

In the summer before the war, noticing "For Sale" boards up on the façade of Number —, I obtained an order-to-view and went ghost-hunting there; but the day (as were all the summer days of 1939) was bright and filled with sunshine and few of those large and empty rooms suggested the macabre. It is true that I did feel a sense of repulsion for one room on the second floor, and that the caretaker (to whom I had tactfully not mentioned ghosts) assured me, unprompted and rather nervously, that she never slept there at night. "The secret of the house"—I quote from Charles G. Harper's *Haunted Houses*—"was that it belonged to a Mr. Blank of Blank Park, who shut his lunatic brother in one of the attics. The captive was so violent that he could only be fed through a hole. His groans and cries could be distinctly heard in the neighbouring houses." Given imagination, it is easy to visualize this fearsome, maniacal apparition, whose gibbering materialization might well frighten the timid into an untimely end through a stroke.

POLTERGEISTS are more irritating and disturbing than alarming, and would, indeed, be a devastating nuisance in anybody's home today. The prospect of one's few remaining pots, pans, and crockery being hurled about hardly bears contemplation, and a just anger would most certainly oust any sense of fear. But the elemental who springs on the bed and proceeds to choke one . . . the ghost who opens a bolted door, its approach heralded by an icy blast of air . . . the phantom who pulls off the bedclothes, leaving one without even a sheet under which to cower . . . these are the very stuff of horror.

I have stayed in a haunted house on the Suffolk coast, a former owner of which was reputed to have dabbled in black magic; in a haunted, moated, Elizabethan manor in Essex; in a haunted eighteenth-century inn at Lyme Regis. In each instance, I (mercifully) saw nothing; but felt distinctly uneasy and kept a light on all night. Since I was born in a haunted Welsh castle, built on the traditional site of an Ancient British burial mound, and lived for a time, as a small child, in a haunted house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, it is not surprising that I am inclined to be interested in ghost stories.

And now I have finished writing this article; I am alone, at night, and in an empty house. Dare I turn out the lights, leave the bright fireside, and creep upstairs to bed?

END

1.12.45

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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